THE

# AMERICAN WEST

COVER: "Charlie Himself," a wax figurine by Charles M. Russell, 1915. Back Cover: "The Poker Game," 1893. (Both from CHARLES M. RUSSELL: A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE by Frederic G. Renner, published for the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art by the University of Texas Press, 1966.)

For more on the life and work of Charles M. Russell, see "Charles, Thou Art a Rare Blade" on page 4 of this issue.

THE

# AMERICAN WEST

THE
# AMERICAN WEST

THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

*Publisher*
GEORGE PFEIFFER, III

*Editor*
ROGER OLMSTED

*Managing Editor*
T. H. WATKINS

*Associate Editor*
WALLACE STEGNER

*Book Editor*
JOSEPH E. ILLICK

*Graphics Editor*
ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN

*Contributing Editors*
ROBERT BECKER
W. H. HUTCHINSON
STEPHEN B. OATES
RICHARD REINHARDT
OWEN ULPH

*Copy Editor*
PAT KOLLINGS

*Editorial Board*
RAY A. BILLINGTON
JOHN P. BLOOM
JOHN ALEXANDER CARROLL
WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK
DONALD C. CUTTER
ROBERT G. EULER
JOHN C. EWERS
JOE B. FRANTZ
GEORGE P. HAMMOND
ROBERT HITCHMAN
J. S. HOLIDAY
WILBUR R. JACOBS
BRUCE LE ROY
NYLE H. MILLER
DALE L. MORGAN
GEORGE PFEIFFER, III
DON RUSSELL
WALLACE STEGNER
GEORGE R. STEWART
ROBERT M. UTLEY
O. O. WINTHER

*Art Director*
JOHN BEYER

*March 1969 / Volume VI, Number 2*

*Sponsored by the Western History Association*

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES PER YEAR—JANUARY/MARCH/MAY/JULY/SEPTEMBER/NOVEMBER

**Charles, Thou Art a Rare Blade** *by William Ellsberg* 4

**Ignatius Donnelly & The Politics of Discontent**
*by Roger G. Kennedy* 10

**A Happening at Oglala** *by Dabney Otis Collins* 15

**Sockeye, Cling, & The Golden State** *by Ruth Teiser* 20

**Collector's Choice:**
**"Border Affair"** *by Austin E. Fife* 26

**Stream of the Past** *by Sigurd Olson* 28

**Twilight of the Californios** *by Ferol Egan* 34

**Portraits for a Western Album: VII**
"Out of the bread, into the chips, and back again—and not even a dust of the hands!"
*by Nyle H. Miller* 45

**The American West Review** 49

PICTURE CREDITS: Page 4: Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth, Texas. Page 5: from *Good Medicine: The Illustrated Letters of Charles M. Russell*, (1929). Page 6: Amon Carter Museum. Page 7: from *Good Medicine*. Page 8, top: Amon Carter Museum; bottom, from *Good Medicine*. Page 9: Amon Carter Museum. Page 11: Minnesota Historical Society. Pages 15-19: all photographs for "A Happening at Oglala" are by the author. Pages 20-25: all labels reproduced in "Sockeye, Cling, and the Golden State" are from materials deposited in the California State Archives and the Bancroft Library, University of California. Page 27: art work by Suzanne Larsen. Pages 34, 35: Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, History Division. Page 37: Bancroft Library (Madie Brown Emparan Collection). Pages 38-42: Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, History Division. Page 43: Minnesota Historical Society. Page 44: Kansas State Historical Society. Inside back cover: Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, History Division.

THE AMERICAN WEST is published six times per year (January, March, May, July, September, November) by the American West Publishing Company, 577 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306. Single copies: $2.00. Subscriptions: $9.00; two years $16.00; three years $23.00 *(outside U.S., $1.00 per year extra)*. Changes of address and communications regarding subscriptions or advertising should be sent to the above address.
● Editorial offices are located at 2175 Allston Way, Berkeley, California 94704. THE AMERICAN WEST will consider, but assumes no responsibility for, unsolicited material.
● Members of the Western History Association should address all communications to the Secretary-Treasurer, Arrell M. Gibson, Faculty Exchange, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.
© 1969 by American West Publishing Company, Second class postage paid at Palo Alto, California.

*Dos Amigos pumping plant, California Water Project. Hezekiah, the Old Testament says, "made a pool, and a conduit, and brought water into the city." Water for land, water for people—two centuries after California's beginnings, the problem remains the same.*

BY WILLIAM ELLSBERG

# Charles, Thou Art a Rare Blade

*Part One of a Two-Part Reminiscence of Charles M. Russell*

WINTER CAME EARLY to Great Falls, Montana, in 1915. As I stood on a street corner one bone-chilling evening, a lonesome, homesick eighteen-year-old, shoulders hunched and teeth chattering as a snarling wind drove the snow down my turned-up collar, I reflected that anyone who would live in this frostbitten burg of his own accord must be off his rocker.

In the middle of my bitter reverie, a figure appeared out of the swirling snow. It was a middle-aged cowboy in high-heeled boots, Stetson hat, and sheepskin coat. Around his waist he wore a bright red sash that whipped like a banner in the wind. His hand was outstretched, and he was grinning widely as he hurried past me to greet a little gnome of a man approaching from the other direction.

"Hi, Pardner!" the cowboy exclaimed heartily as he grasped the little man's outstretched hand. "Wow! It's good to see you. When did you get back to God's Country?"

That was more than I could take.

"God's Country — hell!" I snapped.

They both turned to me, and the cowboy said, "What's the matter with you, Kid?"

"You call this cold storage plant 'God's Country.' That's what's the matter."

The cowboy grinned and took me by the arm.

"What you need is a drink, Kid," he told me, "and me and my buddy here are goin' to buy you a few. Let's go."

"All I need is the road out of here," I retorted ungraciously. "Besides, I don't drink."

The cowboy ignored my bad manners. He only chuckled. "Don't argue with this little guy here, Boy. He's only the Chief Justice of the Montana Supreme Court out of Helena, but he's wandered off his range and been back East for a spell. He's usually sober as a judge should be, but sometimes he comes here to see me and get soused. If you don't drink alcohol, Kid, drink root beer. It's all on me. Now come on. A guy could freeze to death standin' here arguin'."

That cowboy's personality was like a Chinook breeze. I unbent, laughed, and went with them to the Mint saloon on Central Avenue.

There were probably a dozen people in the bar, and I could tell by the way my companions were greeted that they were well-known and popular customers. The cowboy ordered a root beer for me, and two seemingly potent shots for himself and his legal friend. They downed them at one gulp and ordered another round. Men came up to talk to them, but the cowboy didn't let me feel left out.

"You been here long, Kid?"

I explained that I lived with my dad, but that he was away for a few days, so I was lonesome. I told him how I had run out of money while I was going to the University of Colorado, and how my father, who had opened a furniture store in Great Falls, suggested that I come here where jobs were easy to get. He got me a job, all right. It was at Sam Markman's Hide and Junk Yard, just across the Missouri River there. The pay was munificent for those days — twenty-five dollars a week — but did I earn it! The work was salting bloody, dripping green hides in temperatures that sometimes reached forty below zero. It was strenuous, punishing, dirty, and brutal, but an ambitious eighteen-year-old can take anything.

The cowboy listened as if it was the most interesting thing he'd heard in a long time. But it seemed everybody in the place wanted to talk to him, and I figured I'd said enough.

I had begun to notice the paintings hanging on the saloon walls and told him I'd like to have a look at them.

The pictures were all by the same artist. The more I looked, the more fascinated I became. The action and color were so vivid and lifelike that they seemed to breathe and move. Mesmerized, I strolled from one to another. Then to my new friends, with all the assurance of eighteen-year-old authority, I pronounced the artist who had painted them a genius.

"They're not so much," said the judge.

"Nah. I seen lots better," said the cowboy with a shrug.

I made a mental note that although they were nice fellows, these two didn't know beans about good art.

As I continued to examine the paintings, I came upon one that puzzled me. It was only a commonplace Indian teepee with an aged Indian squatted cross-legged before it, stoically smoking a pipe. But one of the flaps of the teepee extended beyond the rest of the picture. The bartender was watching me as I scrutinized it, puzzled. Suddenly, there was a whirring sound, and the flap shot back. The scene behind it set me back on my heels, and a ripple of laughter ran down the bar.

Inside the teepee a whiskey bottle, still dripping liquor, was lying sideways, and a cowboy with his pants down was ardently engaged in the sex act with a young, naked, beautiful Indian maiden. Through it all the ageless Indian grandfather sat puffing on his clay pipe. Then came a click, and the flap flew back.

I turned around and saw the bartender still grinning at me. He was the one who had pushed the button to set the astonishing contrivance in motion. The cowboy and the judge were poker-faced.

By the time I had finished my second root beer, the little judge was happily swacked and swapping stories with a couple of old cronies. The cowboy bid him an affectionate farewell and said to me, "Give me a hand out to the sidewalk, Kid. *(Hiccup.)* If I don't get home, my old lady will crown me."

I grabbed one of his arms and steadied him out the door as the barkeep winked at me knowingly. No sooner were we out front than the cowpoke straightened up, perfectly sober. When I looked startled, he laughed and said, "Don't ever tell my pal the judge that I been faking, Kid. I quit drinking quite a while back, but he doesn't know but what I fall off the wagon now and then; and I don't want to spoil his fun because he wouldn't enjoy getting drunk if I stayed sober. You see, I'm Cowboy Russell. I painted every one of those pictures you saw in there—painted most of 'em for a few shots of booze. The time came when the bottle plumb took me over. I had to quit drinking or quit painting—so I quit drinking."

***Russell's infamous tipi painting. Why is the old Indian not smiling?***

He paused and pointed to a cow pony, its reins held by a stocky young Negro lad.

"That's my transportation," Russell said. "You told me your name is Bill, remember? Well, Bill, since you like to look at my pictures so well, be at the Mint tomorrow night, and we'll talk some more and have fun. The Mint is my club, my hangout, and my relaxation. A man's a damfool who works all the time without a let-up. So long, Bill."

You may be sure I was there, and I enjoyed Cowboy Russell's wonderful company at every opportunity during the rest of my stay in Great Falls.

It wasn't very long after our second meeting that Russell invited me to his log cabin studio. This fascinating place had a big fireplace, and was filled with paintings, all sorts of modeled figures, and what he called "horse jewelry"—saddles, lariats, bits, and spurs. On the walls were Indian objects: shields, pipes, coup sticks, lances, and beautiful pieces of painted, beaded, and fringed buckskin.

Usually the studio was also full of friends. There was always somebody visiting with Russell while he worked—cowboys, Indians, celebrities from the East, well-dressed businessmen, and children. He liked the kids best, and would stop whatever he was doing to entertain them. They loved to hear him tell stories, and once I saw him illustrate a story with shadow pictures he made on the walls with his hands.

He was a matchless storyteller, with an almost supernatural ability to impersonate the character he was describing, whether human or animal. He told me a grizzly bear story once. As he described the charging bear, his teeth became fangs, his fingers became claws, and his snarl sent shivers up and down my spine. Anyone who ever heard him tell a story knows this is no exaggeration. It was uncanny.

He also liked to reminisce about his early days in Montana.

One day he said to me, "You're eighteen, huh? When I was your age, I was livin' with Jake Hoover up in Pig-Eye Basin on the South Fork of the Judith River." Then he told how Jake had taken him in when he was broke and hungry, and what a good friend he had been. Jake killed wild antelope, elk, bear, and deer, and sold the meat. It was from the skinning and cutting up of these animals that young Russell

—Kid Russell, as he was called then—learned about anatomy to help make his paintings and sculptures so lifelike.

"You gotta know what goes on inside," he said, "before you can make the actions look right from the outside." He also said how much he owed Jake for his interest and criticism.

"Some folks thought drawin' and modelin' was a waste of time, but not Jake. He always encouraged me to keep on with it, but he told me quick when I'd done some animal wrong. 'You got that neck too long,' he'd say, or 'A bear don't lift his feet like that.' He knew those animals inside and out better than I did, and he wasn't goin' to let me do sloppy work."

Russell was in his early fifties when I met him. His rugged face, so like an Indian's except for his light hair and eyes, was deeply lined. And in repose his expression was so stern, even grim, that you would never guess what a warm, light-hearted, fun-loving person he was, except for the tell-tale laughter lines at the corners of his eyes. Those eyes had a kindly expression, but they were also penetrating and gave the feeling that he could tell what kind of person you were. He had a quiet, gentle manner, but with that square jaw and tight mouth, you knew the toughness was there underneath. He just got along so well with everybody that he never had to use it. He had more friends than anybody I ever saw.

That didn't mean that he liked everybody, as his friend Will Rogers said *he* did. Russell had no use for phonies, for farmers who plowed up and fenced the range, or for people who mistreated children or animals. He told me he'd once been thrown in jail for clobbering a man who was beating his horses. His greatest dislike was for a man he never met, General Phil Sheridan, because of his stupid remark, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian," which had done so much harm.

*"Here's how to me and my friends—the same to you and yours," Russell noted in 1907 on one of his many illustrated greetings, below. "I savvy these folks," he added in a postscript.*

*An Oriental not quite wily enough gets his comeuppance for cheating in "Not a Chinaman's Chance," a wax sculpture done in 1893. (A companion piece is reproduced on our back cover.)*

I think the reason he took a liking to me was because I was fond of animals and had both a liking and a sympathy for the Indians. Sympathy for the Indians was not popular in Montana, where General Sheridan's remark was often quoted as gospel. By the grapevine, the Indians learned of my friendship with Russell and became more relaxed around me when they came to Markman's with their loads of hides and the buffalo bones they picked up off the prairies. The Indians seldom smiled. After all, what did they have to smile about? But one day a big, tough-looking buck brought in a load

of hides, looked at me keenly, and suddenly grinned broadly.

"You friend *Ah-Wah-Cous*," he said.

I understood the friend part, but I had no idea what a "Wah-Cous" was. Later I learned that *Ah-Wah-Cous* was Charlie Russell's Indian name, meaning "Antelope," given to him by the Blood Indians at the time he had lived with them for six months as one of the tribe. His riding pants, reinforced at the seat with buckskin, reminded the Indians of the white rear of an antelope. Because I was Antelope's friend, the Indian had favored me with a smile.

Charlie Russell had a deep respect and admiration for the Indian: for his cooperation with nature, so superior to the white man's wanton destruction; for his religion, his art, his sense of humor, and his honesty. He had scores of Indian friends. He never missed one of their celebrations if he could help it, and they knew they were always welcome as his guests. He liked their terse and meaningful expressions. One of his favorites was, "My brother, when you come to my lodge, the robe will be spread and the pipe will be lit." He also liked to use the Indian greeting, *"Ho! Ho! Hi-e-e-e-e!"* to those who would understand and appreciate it.

He was always interested in history anywhere in the world. He said that was all he liked about school. One day, while we were talking, he said, "You know, Bill, in all history you'll

never find anything more cruel and unjust than the way this country has treated the Injun. Somebody said to me once that we never tortured anybody like they did in Europe, or like the Injuns did their captives. Well, if leavin' hundreds of people to die of cold and starvation ain't torture, I don't know what is. They kill off the buffalo deliberately to cut off the Injun's food supply. They stick them off on some worthless reservation and try to force a race of proud hunters and warriors to be farmers. The do-gooders collect money to send to the missionaries to help people in other countries, but they won't give a penny to help the poor Crees and Chippewas that are starvin' right here at home. An' when somebody like Frank Linderman tries to get some help back in Washington, them fellers in Congress won't do a thing because the Injun can't vote. It's a shame, Bill, a dirty, cryin' shame!"

One of the most fascinating and graceful sights I have ever witnessed was Charlie Russell "talking sign" with two of his Indian friends. How their hands flew! They "talked" in silence for several minutes, while I watched spellbound. Then somebody must have "said" something funny, for they all three burst out laughing. That was the first and only time I ever heard Indians laugh out loud. But with him, they were completely natural. He often told me that the Indians had a great sense of humor, but that was the first time I had seen proof of it.

Cowboy Russell's hands were his most striking feature—beautifully shaped, long-fingered, and strong. They were the hands of an artist, but a vital, virile artist, not an esthete. Sometimes he would stop painting, roll a cigarette, light it, and hold it between his brown-stained first and second fingers. Then as he talked or told a story, he would gesture with this hand with the first two fingers extended and the other two curled under, punctuating his remarks with movements of his long, "waisted" thumb. It was as characteristic as the lock of hair that always fell across his forehead. He always wore rings—at least two and sometimes more. On Charlie Russell they looked good. ❧

*We regret to announce that William Ellsberg died shortly before this issue of THE AMERICAN WEST went to press. A former newspaperman for the Denver* Post *during the period when the free-wheeling Bonfils and Tammen made their vigorous brand of journalism a byword in the Rocky Mountain West, Ellsberg numbered among his acquaintances such luminaries as Gene Fowler and, of course, Charles M. Russell. In later years, he entered the advertising business in Denver and Portland and wrote numerous newspaper and magazine articles, as well as a play produced in Altadeena, California, by the Americana Theatre. The second part of his two-part reminiscence of Russell will appear in our May, 1969 issue.*

***The Mint Saloon in Great Falls was Russell's informal salon — "my club, my hangout, and my relaxation. A man's a damfool who works all the time without a let-up."***

# IGNATIUS DONNELLY & The Politics of Discontent

## *An Inquiry into the Career of a Populist*

BY ROGER G. KENNEDY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There have been few periods in the history of the West more thoroughly convulsive than that between 1880 and 1900, a time when all the agonies of class conflict in America found sharp focus in the plight of the western farmer, whose dream of a Jeffersonian Eden had been mutilated by reality—and, in his view, by the villainous manipulations of money-lenders and capitalists. The period gave birth to Populism, one of the most significant political movements in western history, and one that would have a profound effect on both major parties, even while the presidential campaigns of the party's leader, William Jennings Bryan, went down to defeat.*

*If William Jennings Bryan was Populism's messiah, then Ignatius Donnelly was its prophet. A pragmatic politician first schooled in the ward-heeling atmosphere of eastern politics and later educated in the grasping, frequently brutal politics of semi-frontier Minnesota in the 1860's and 1870's, Donnelly escaped the bounds of an often sordid past to become the most articulate voice of western discontent—a vocal, vigorous, and effective spokesman for the rights of men who found themselves at the mercy of forces beyond their control or comprehension. History has too often remembered this Irish activist as a literary amateur, a vague dreamer, and an impractical "hayseed Gracchus," whose social and economic theories were the effusions of a utopian fantasist. In the essay that follows, Roger Kennedy reminds us that Donnelly was far more of a power in his place and time than his critics have admitted, and that his "utopian" economic schemes may well have been precisely correct.*

IGNATIUS DONNELLY DIED OF DERISION. Not his corpulent Red Irish body, which had survived so many blizzards and dust storms and endless haggling conventions and caucuses—his body died of a heart attack in his sixty-ninth year, two months after he lost his twenty-third election campaign. Nor did his spirit die—it animated the reforms of two Progressive decades built upon his four decades of agitation, and it went marching on into the agricultural policies of the New Deal. But his reputation, that part of his reality about which he cared most, his "darling reputation," was buried under the ridicule of respectable politicians and journalists during his lifetime and respectable historians thereafter. Even during the liberal years, the 1930's and 1940's, Ignatius Donnelly, like William Jennings Bryan, was thought to be too much the hayseed Gracchus, too much the product of the pre-deodorant era, to please the fastidious urban intellectuals.

"Ignominius Donnelly" he was called at the end. He had led the Anti-Monopolists and the Greenbackers and the Grangers and the Populists, had lost so many campaigns for the Congress and the Senate and the Governorship and the Presidency that he had become a figure of fun. William Watts Folwell, the establishment historian of Minnesota, called his life a "dreary record." Latter-day critics agreed: Richard Hofstadter said he had been a leader of "country cranks"; Eric Goldman said he "had a reputation for the kind of theories that too many nights on the prairie can produce."

During Donnelly's lifetime Folwell set him down as "discredited," a "mountebank politician." He was attacked from the Left. Everett Fish called him a "fat brute," and Sidney Owen called him the "Benedict Arnold of Populism." From the Right the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* said he was "like Judas Iscariot . . . a dictator [and] a dog"; the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman* called him a "dishonest political juggler"; and during a famous exchange of invective, the stately Elihu Washburne of Illinois accused him of taking bribes, of being an "office beggar," a coward, liar, and criminal "whose record is stained with every fraud—whiskey and other frauds—

a man who has proved false alike to his friends, his constituents, his country, his religion, and his God."

Donnelly was quite capable of sustaining this sort of discourse. He replied to Washburne *seriatim*, pausing upon the matter of office begging to note that four Washburne (or Washburn, they differed in their spelling) brothers had sat in the House of Representatives (Folwell piously notes "with honorable records"), and that "out of office they are miserable, wretched . . . as the famous stump-tailed bull in fly time . . . every young male of the gentleman's family is born into the world with 'M.C.' [Member of Congress] franked across his broadest part. The great calamity seems to be that God, in his infinite wisdom, did not make any of them broad enough for the letters 'U.S.S.' [U. S. Senate]."

Though Donnelly's words were thought to have been so intemperate as to cast him beyond the pale of parliamentary discourse, Washburne's did not cost him *his* power and place. Why the difference? The language of each was equally sulfurous. But Washburne was, according to Folwell, "distinguished," rich, and related to other rich and distinguished men. Much could be forgiven him. Donnelly was poor and Irish, and did not recognize who might be his betters. A friend, Major Thomas N. Newson, reviewing Donnelly's career, concluded that:

> Had his sense of propriety or even policy enabled him to have endured the slings of his enemies quietly . . . it is possible he would have saved himself the opposition he has since encountered, but that would not have been Donnelly. He had the Celtic blood and the Irish spirit of resentment, and he resented what he felt was a wrong. . . . The combative elements of the man have kept him in political hot water for nearly twenty years.

Newson was writing in 1884. Actually, the water had been hot for thirty years, and remained at a slow boil for sixteen more. Another friend, Wilford L. Wilson, said that Donnelly had "fallen in the esteem of the cultivated, refined and religious people who largely make up the Republican party"; while Washburne and his brothers went on to greater eminence among these same people. Folwell, their spokesman, said that without Donnelly's final paragraph "his own future and that of Minnesota politics would have been different from the dreary record."

What was that record? Was it so dreary after all? Now that the tempers of a vehement generation have cooled, can the man, Ignatius Donnelly, be described without patronage or billingsgate?

Ignatius Donnelly was never part of a community in which his status was secure, in which peers steadily exchanged esteem and reassurance. If that is "an establishment," none was ever open to him. From the outset he was an outsider. His father was an anticlerical Irish immigrant who had barely begun the practice of medicine in Philadelphia when he contracted typhus from a patient and died. The education of the children, like the medical schooling of the father, was fi-

nanced through the pawnshop kept by the proud, stiff, domineering mother.

The city was aglow at night, but not with brotherly love. Long afterward Donnelly recalled that "Philadelphia was afflicted by many riots; riots between whites and blacks, between natives and foreigners, between the different churches and different fire companies." Especially after the Panic of 1837, there were anti-Irish riots by the Native Americans, Know-Nothings, who feared the competition for jobs from the Irish newcomers. The Irish were accustomed to civil disorder. They had a long inheritance of suspicion and resentment of authority. And the Native Americans resented the Irish: "If an Irishman is hung for murder, his nativity is freely admitted," Donnelly commented, "but if he distinguishes himself in an honorable walk of life, then it is discovered that he is Scotch-Irish."

Ignatius Donnelly was proud of his heritage, though the signs DOGS AND IRISH, KEEP OUT were constant reminders of a bitter welcome—and as a non-Catholic who attended public schools, he was not a member of the "club of the Irish" either.

After high school he studied law in the aristocratic menage of Benjamin Harris Brewster, who was to become Attorney General of Pennsylvania and later of the United States. Brewster and his clerks were courteous, correct, but distant. "I lived with them, as it were, *per gratia*. The bond of connection has never been a pleasant one—I sever it without regret," he said after three years. Brewster and the Philadelphia upper classes were Whigs, and their party was infected with Know-Nothing hatred of the Irish; significantly, Donnelly began his political career with a speech for the Democrats, in Independence Square, supporting an open immigration policy. He ran for the state legislature but finally supported the Whig candidate, who took a strong anti–Know-Nothing position. In June of 1856 he was supporting the Democrats again, attacking the Republicans and their Know-Nothing allies as "holding midnight council over the Irish and the Dutchman."

Two years earlier he had married Kate McCaffrey, the daughter of a shop-owner, after a family dispute. His mother resisted the match, and he resisted her, finally deciding in 1856 to make a new start in the West.

The young Irishman went west on the make. He told a high-school friend that "money makes the man, the want of it the fellow." He had seen enough of poverty. "Seneca praised the beauties of poverty, but Seneca had a large income. The beauties of poverty! It is nothing but unsatisfied wants, restricted capabilities, underdeveloped virtues." One way to wealth was through real estate speculation. As a young lawyer in Philadelphia he had learned about land promotion, serving as an officer of five emigrant aid associations. He toured the new states of the Northwest and settled on Minnesota as the place to make his fortune: "What a beautiful land has the red man lost and the white man won!"

He had no sentimental feeling for the land in its primitive state. His was a dream of golden prairies turning green with dollar bills as the money-bearing settlers came upon it ready to pay well the man who had gotten there first. Donnelly saw the peaceful land "waiting for the crowding numbers and the clamorous competition of the human animal to flow in." He arrived during the great land rush of the 1850's. Emigration spilled out upon the land. In six years 140,000 people came flooding in where only 4,000 had been. A St. Paul newspaper said, "A very subordinate interest of attention was paid to farming, the interest of the community being principally absorbed in projects of speculation." Donnelly went into partnership with John Nininger. Together they bought a thousand or more acres along the Mississippi fifteen miles southeast of St. Paul, attracted investors, and became "land sharks." On the emigrant packet boats "Bill Mallen . . . with his marked cards, and Ingeneous Doemly [*sic*] with his city lots on paper selling for a thousand dollars each" were equal hazards.

But Donnelly believed his own propaganda. Mortgage debt in the territory was growing from $22,553 in 1854 to $2,124,071 in 1858, and Donnelly borrowed with the rest to improve his cloud city (named Nininger, after his partner). Among a hundred houses built on the vast plat, he commenced a mansion for himself; in his fever he thought he was a millionaire. After all, tax valuations in Minnesota had grown from $3,500,000 in 1854 to nearly $50,000,000 in 1857. Everybody was getting rich.

Then the bubble broke. In the summer of 1857 the credit system of the West collapsed. It was said that half the population of St. Paul retreated to the East. Hundreds of townsites returned to weeds, and in September of that bleak year, Donnelly failed to pay his creditors. The collapse of 1857 had three crucial consequences for him: it drove him back from prosperity, back into the arms of the debtors and the poor; it drove him into farming (for he had to do *something* with land which would never, now, contain a city); and it drove him back into full-time politics.

Donnelly, the disappointed land shark, was no more disposed toward idealism than before. "Self-defence is the first instinct of nature and the first duty to ourselves. A man who would take the clothes off his back to give his creditors would only be kicked for his pains." He went to work to pay what he could, breaking with Nininger. While he was strengthening his emotional solidarity with the debtor class, he was, at the same time, dependent upon the patronage of Alexander Ramsey, governor of Minnesota and Nininger's brother-in-law, who supplied him with legal work and was bringing him along politically. It was a convenience that his long-standing aversion to slavery coincided with Ramsey's patronage, for in the pre–Civil War years he became an organization Republican. After two unsuccessful races for the Senate, he became Ramsey's hand-picked lieutenant governor in 1859. He was off to a good start and persisted as a janissary of the Ramsey dynasty for nearly a decade. He shifted to the U S. Congress

in 1862, at the urging of his wife ("Money to live on and glory to die on," she said), his creditors ("If I am [elected] I will be able to do something for you," he said to them), and Ramsey. His three terms in Congress were demonstrations of his capacity to adjust to the moral, political, and economic depravity of wartime and Reconstruction. He was a typical Ramsey Radical Republican, covering railroad lobbying and personal speculation with empty patriotic forensics.

In 1864 he sold to speculators information about government commodities dealings and took railroad stock in exchange for supporting land grants. In 1867 he took more stock for delaying the passage of a land grant until promotors could buy ripe townsites. In 1869 he was involved with General John C. Frémont in the fraud and bankruptcy involved in the promotion of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. Throughout the period he was one of Jay Cooke's chief congressional agents.

All the time, however, the bravura instincts of the rebel and outsider were driving him to seek his own conspicuous political position. He differed with Ramsey and the "dynasty" over the tariff issue, believing that high tariffs were penalizing consumers. He felt himself increasingly isolated from the millers, lumbermen, and railroad builders who were Elihu Washburne's "Anglo-Saxon" friends. Through the St. Paul *Globe* he spoke of the "cold-blooded, purse-proud aristocracy characteristic of Washburne," and he finally broke openly with Ramsey's machine in both the House and the Senate campaigns of 1868. He still lobbied for Cooke; but in 1870 when he ran for Congress, supported by the Democrats and the "Peoples Party," and lost again, Cooke's contractors organized their men against him.

Donnelly was still not ready to make a complete break. Though he told a crowd that "railroads . . . were created to transport the commerce of the country, not to rule its politics or corrupt its laws," he succumbed to the blandishing agents of Ramsey and returned to the Republican fold "like a drowned gopher." He had committed no sin in his flirtation with the Democrats, he told a convention, for, like a boy caught fishing on the Sabbath, "I hain't ketched nuthin' "

His reconciliation was deceptive. Ramsey's intermediaries feared Donnelly's nature, which one of them called "sanguine —pugnacious," and they were right. Donnelly was moving to the left, impelled by character and by his experience on the farming frontier (which reinforced his predilections) to assume more and more the role of the paladin of the downtrodden farmer—a role that, despite many changes of his party uniform, he never abandoned for the rest of his life.

CONSIDER THE STRANGE, halting, anguished progress of Ignatius Donnelly's romance with the farmer. He was a son of the city, no lover of open country, a rustic in spite of himself. He had found himself forced to find another use for land intended for a town. Only then did he resort to farming. Even after he had tried to supervise his tenants at Nininger and had started an agricultural society, his speeches were still those of a physiocrat rather than a sodbuster.

In 1864 he was still using the rhythms of his Philadelphia speeches, invoking the image of a golden bridge between the hungry masses of Europe and a billion empty acres on this side of the Atlantic. But he retained his scepticism about the agrarian illusions of the eighteenth century and of contemporary romantics. After the frontier had been put under the plow, he knew that dumping millions of unprepared townsmen upon the land would not make them into free and independent yeomen, no matter how many congressional incantations were made over their heads. Idealism without aid in the form of tools and money and education did not impress him. "A human being on 80 acres of unimproved land is as helpless as if he were on 80 acres of water—in fact more so, for he could get a fishing line and probably catch something to eat." Land was no ennobling habitat: it was a commodity like any other.

The farmer had gone into the West persuaded of his special virtue. The national romance, taught by Thomas Jefferson, had schooled him so. By the 1890's he had been persuaded by deflation and adversity of his special tribulation. He rose up in the Greenback and Granger and Populist movements, and, inarticulate, he sought a voice. For forty years, as the great parties vacillated between the requirements of silver lobbyists and gold lobbyists—and there were many who did not comprehend and many who did not care—Ignatius Donnelly gave the farmer a voice. He spoke too often and too loud, but more often than not he was right in what he said

The real Ignatius Donnelly, city-bred and reluctant farmer, is an inconvenience to those who would employ him as a stock figure of rustic romantic. Literary historians like Larzer Ziff, who write with clarity and compassion about urban social critics, are made uncomfortable by Donnelly's apocalyptic novel, *Caesar's Column*, written during a period of despair when he feared that the just resentments of the farmers and workers would find no redress from the plutocracy. Ziff winces at what he calls "the familiar high-flown changes on biblical rhetoric . . . the romantic lyrics of the cardboard motto, written to be sung to the accompaniment of the melodeon" of Donnelly's preamble to the Populist platform of 1892. Ziff deprecates Donnelly further as "romantic in a relatively unconscious fashion," unable to take a roundhouse swing at social problems because reality was for him "cushioned." His "imagination," it seems, "still lingered in an Eden of sentimental patriotism." He and the rest of "rural America" were "naive and sullenly defensive," believing that if foreign conspiracies would pass away there would be "an Eden regained." It might be well at this point to take a look at the "Eden" that Donnelly knew.

The 1870's were a gloomy period in his political career He

had been reduced "to his fists and his backbone." He borrowed money and once again went to farming an unbroken prairie in Stevens County, where there was no glade, no sheltering oak or pine to break the wind sweeping down from the Arctic. The land cost a dollar an acre, but three times as much was required to break the sod with a steel plow. His recourse to full-time farming opened him to the ridicule of his urban enemies. They enjoyed the spectacle of Donnelly working his land. Said the St. Paul *Pioneer Press:* "Woe to the usurer, the wheat scalper, or the grasshopper that tries to pitch his tent therein." Grasshoppers were no joke to the farmer that year. The Rocky Mountain locust fell upon Stevens County. In the towns "the very lawns [were] eaten bare by them, the wheatfields were ravaged." Farmers desperately tried to drive them off by dragging ropes or to destroy them with coal tar and sheet-iron scoops. It was no "romantic" dream of an American "Eden" that Donnelly saw, but a bitter, often brutal reality. He knew, and said, precisely who benefited from the pricing policies, monetary policies, and excessive economic power under which the farmer suffered: those who sold supplies and lent money to farmers and those who bought his produce and carried it to market.

It is by now a truism that Donnelly wrote the most pungent documents of the Populist revolt. He animated the councils of that party, and his oratory could still rouse a crowd. Though John Hicks, Populism's historian, scored him for "florid rhetoric," Donnelly's words forced understanding—the abuses against which they were directed would not have yielded to sweet diffidence. The call for initiative, referendum, and direct primaries was heeded, and Hicks himself sums up the era with the statement that Theodore Roosevelt's presidential "messages read like the preamble to the Populist platform"—which was written by Ignatius Donnelly fifteen years before.

The contribution made by Populism to Progressivism is acknowledged even by those who persist in downgrading Populism. But, what of Donnelly's radical views on the money question? It is upon the money question that he, and the Greenbackers, Alliancemen, and Populists he led, have been most severely derided. Just how silly were his monetary views? Was he a realist, laboring to meet needs in practical ways, or was he a fool? Upon the answer to these questions must rest the reputation of Ignatius Donnelly.

His views on Greenbacks (paper money not redeemable in gold) and on the use of silver as a standard for currency were ridiculed in his day and afterward, but they appear more sensible today. The economic history of his time is being rewritten by a new generation of economists, headed by Milton Friedman, making new schedules with new data spewed from computers. In general, what Donnelly said was true, though it sounded shocking at the time. During the period from 1865 to 1895 the midwestern farmer was forced by national monetary policy to borrow in "100 cent" dollars and repay in 125, 150, 200 or, in long term, 300 cent dollars, plus interest. There was a deliberate and often successful effort by creditors to sustain a national policy that would give them extraordinary profits, beyond interest on their loans. There was frequent and successful recourse to a corruptible national Congress by powerful financial interests to defeat efforts to even out the purchasing power of the dollar. In the process speculative fortunes were made in precious metals.

It was the supply of money that interested the farmer. He lost the fight, by Grant's veto, to keep the Greenbacks in circulation, and he slowly lost his supply of bank notes as prudent bankers withdrew them. (Bank notes in circulation fell from 339,000,000 in 1873 to 168,000,000 in 1891.)

Unfortunately, the "supply of money" issue became confused with the sideshow over free silver. "Bimetalism" was distracting, and ultimately fatal, to the farmer's fight for a growing, not contracting, money supply. Donnelly always saw it so and resisted to the end the reduction of the reformer's platform of a dozen or more specific measures to the narrow question of the free coinage of silver. But the financial pressure of the silver magnates and the urge of politics toward simplification were too great for him; and in the 1890's, when gold suddenly became cheaper, the whole effort to assure a congruence of economic growth with growth in the currency supply was put to sleep by the formal return to the Gold Standard in 1900. Fresh discoveries of gold in South Africa, Colorado, and the Klondike, and new ways of extracting gold from ore (like the cyanide process), made it "cheap," and with cheap gold came higher prices. Thus a gold standard became palatable, and the issue Donnelly had persisted in raising seemed, for a decade or two, moot.

Donnelly's position, however, had been consistent, and today is once again interesting.

> If silver was remonitized, there are still vastly important questions of government paper money, of an abundant currency, of land, and of transportation. . . . We all believe that metallic currency is a temporary expedient—a relic of barbarism, but so long as either metal is to be used we insist that both be used, because both constitute a larger and more abundant currency. . . . [We must] divorce the idea of money totally from any metallic commodity; to make the measure of values rest entirely upon the . . . power of government. . . . We do not believe in commodity money [whether based on] gold, silver, brass, lead, wheat or potatoes, but as long as gold is continued to be used, we insist that its ancient colleague, silver, shall be used with it as a matter of justice to the debtor class.

There is a solid and fairly respectable group of economists who hold that the nation would have been better off if it had not abandoned the Greenback policy of the Civil War years or had chosen silver rather than gold as the standard of its currency. The statistical evidence is this: Throughout the post–Civil War period, western farmers were heavy borrow-

*Continued on page 43*

# A HAPPENING at OGLALA

BY DABNEY OTIS COLLINS

FIFTEEN MILES WEST of Pine Ridge, South Dakota, where U.S. 18 snakes through the rumpled hills of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, a weathered sign rises out of the grass: OUR LADY OF THE SIOUX CATHOLIC CHURCH. Tire tracks cord the buffalo grass around the church.

The first time I approached that small white building, rising out of the immensity of sage and sky, I was overwhelmed. Perhaps it was the stark loneliness of the place; perhaps the kinship between the cross—now nailed over the window below the sheared-off steeple—and the defeated faces I had seen on the reservation. Or it may have been the visions of fallen warriors that seemed to spring from the hallowed earth: Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Man Afraid of Horses, and the greatest of them all, Crazy Horse, who was born near this settlement of Oglala.

Only a few hours before, I had stood beside a communal grave at the church in Wounded Knee, where lay the intertwined bodies of three hundred Indian men, women, and children. Wounded Knee—the massacre that sealed the fate of the Sioux nation. It happened in December, 1890. The Sioux had laid down their weapons to dance the prayer of peace, the "ghost dance" that the red messiah in faraway Nevada promised would banish the whites peacefully and return the land to the Indians. Day and night they danced, without incident, but nervous Indian agents feared an insurrection. In came the troopers, still smarting from the Little Big Horn and in no mood for mercy. On December 15 the great Sitting Bull, suspected by the agents of plotting an uprising, was killed while resisting arrest.

In a search for peace, Chief Big Foot led a band of his people toward Pine Ridge; but before he reached the agency, soldiers surrounded the cavalcade and ordered him to make camp on Wounded Knee Creek. The Indians had already been disarmed when a shot rang out. From a hilltop overlooking the camp, batteries of Hotchkiss guns responded, firing fifty two-pound explosive shells a minute, until three hundred Sioux lay dead. (Twenty-three troopers who took part in the slaughter were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.)

Can this vanquished people ever again possess the pride and will to restore the rituals of their tribal religion? And if not, what can they ever find in the white man's religion to replace what he has taken from them?

The door of the little prairie church was unlocked. Past the vestibule I stopped, enveloped in a strange mood of worship. This was indeed an Indian church—so Indian that it seemed to hold the acrid smell of old tipi fires. Sturdy pine

*Where cultures meet, and men learn from one another: Our Lady of the Sioux Catholic Church, Oglala, South Dakota.*

benches fanned out in a half-circle facing the altar, as the men of the tribe were accustomed to sit facing their chief or holy man. Above the altar hung a wooden crucifix, stained pale red and bearing a Christus with high cheekbones, long black braids, and the loincloth of a Sioux. Beneath hung a peace pipe, with eagle feather and horse hair attached to its stem.

On the red velvet-covered altar stood a tabernacle—veiled with beaded deerskin suggestive of a tipi; candleholders were made of buffalo horns, and the antependium of beaded deerskin. Instead of the Latin *"Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus"* or the English "Holy, Holy, Holy," the words were in Sioux, *"Wakan, Wakan, Wakan."* Softly colored murals, dominated by a tipi, decorated one wall with legendary symbolism: crossed arrows, eagle feathers, pine boughs, and twelve tongues of fire.

Something akin to a miracle was happening here. Some strange spirit—a latter-day Black Robe—was at work, creating a revolution, returning to the Indians their own religious traditions. Surely, this was a Sioux, as well as a Catholic, place of worship. Quietly I closed the door and drove toward the town of Pine Ridge.

At the Holy Rosary Mission, I learned that "Father Paul" was responsible for building the church, and that at this time of day I would probably find him in his study at the Sacred Heart Mission in Pine Ridge.

A lean, well-proportioned six-footer, wearing work shoes and a shirt open at the neck, Reverend Paul Bernhard Steinmetz, Society of Jesus, had the appearance of a man who could well have originated the idea of a Sioux Indian church —or anything else he set his mind to. Sitting at a book-piled desk in his uncarpeted study, he spoke with the authority and keen-edged diction of a college professor:

"Christ should be universal. Every race should have its own physical conception of Christ, determined by its ethnic and historical background. For instance, the Indian crucifix you saw in the church is a symbol for the Sioux sun dance, perhaps the most holy of all their ceremonies."

He leaned forward, his eyes intense. "I believe the Indians should be encouraged to interpret Christianity through the symbols of their own heritage, rather than sacrifice their old beliefs and, with them, much of their Indian identity."

A native of St. Louis, Father Paul had spent the summers of 1954 through 1956 teaching at the Holy Rosary Mission. When he completed his studies for the priesthood in 1961, he returned to the Pine Ridge Reservation, and was assigned to the Oglala parish.

For ten years there had been talk of building a church there, but with the continual turnover in priests, nothing had been done until Father Paul took up the challenge. With the help of his parishioners, he at last had the opportunity to practice a principle he had long held: that success of Christian

culture among the Indians must come through the increase of Indian identity *within* the religion.

Father Paul knew of an unused church on Wolf Creek, twenty-four miles from Oglala, and got permission to move it. Before the church could be put on rollers, the tower was partly removed. At its new site the interior was torn out, leaving only the outside shell, and new walls and ceiling were constructed of plasterboard.

Two principles guided the rebuilding of the church—establishing the proper relationship between altar and people, and making the entire church a natural expression of those who were to worship in it. Two side windows were blocked off and the altar placed between them, in the center of the wall facing the pews, to accommodate the Indian custom of having a speaker face his audience. The priest planned always to speak, not read, to avoid the Indians' natural distrust of one who reads to them.

A vestibule and sacristry were added on each side of the tower. The end wall was painted dark brown and the side walls and ceiling ivory, to make the church appear no longer than its forty-six feet or narrower than twenty. All work was done by the Indians themselves. Felix Walking painted the murals and frescoes; Mrs. Joseph New Holy, from the Grass Creek Community of Pine Ridge Reservation, tanned the antependium deerhide and did all the beadwork on it and the tabernacle veil; Ben Black Elk, son of a famed Oglala medicine man and heir to all the riches of the old religion, helped to make the church universal and catholic—pulsing with the values that had made the Sioux great.

All the elements of firmament and life were in the symbols. Behind the smoke flaps of the mural's tipi were night and day; below, thunderbolts gave to the thunderbird the arrowhead (the power of war) and the pine bough (the power of peace). The buffalo signified food, clothing, and shelter; the horse, transportation; crossed peace pipes, the world of moral obligations.

In the mural, man alone was missing. The Water Bird—its tail feathers at the top of the mural, its wings the smoke flaps, its neck and head stretching downward—dived through chaos and water to scoop up the earth and fly it to the Great Spirit who would create man from the "slime of the earth."

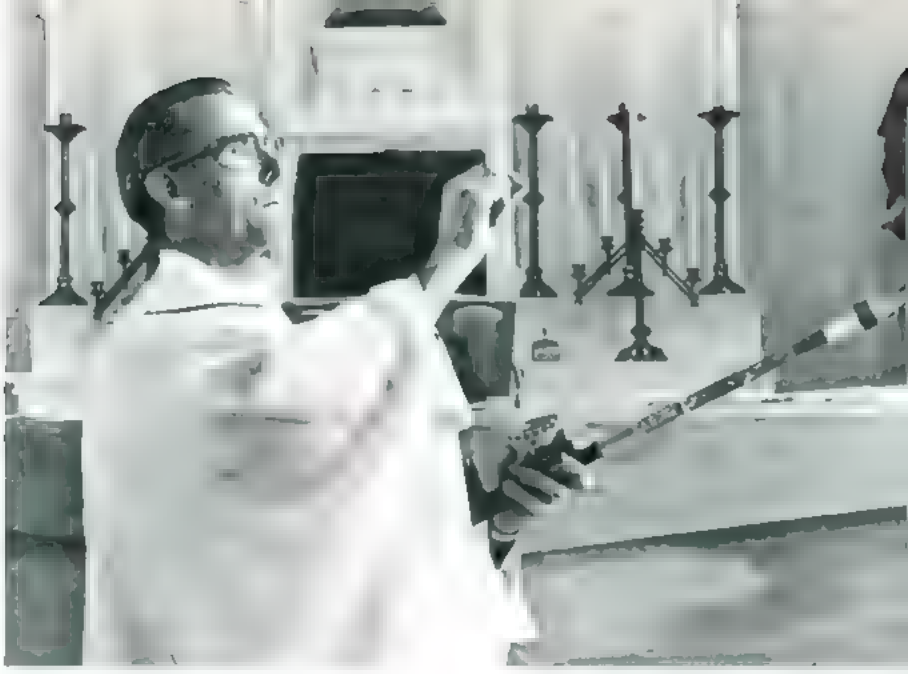
"This church is a constant reminder of the brotherhood of

***"This church is a constant reminder of the brotherhood of man. . . ."***

man; it's a living example of how Christianity can utilize the best of any culture and be an important force in helping the Indian people regain pride in their heritage," Father Paul adds.

About forty-five families form the membership of Our Lady of the Sioux Church at Oglala. After the first year Father Paul was transferred to the Red Cloud Indian School at the Holy Rosary Mission, where he served for several years as teacher, counselor, and principal. At the school boys and girls learn the history of their people—studying the great men of their own race as well as great white men: Chief Joseph and George Washington, Sitting Bull and Abraham Lincoln. In the past the Bureau of Indian Affairs and even some Christian churches have tried to make white men of the Indians. This has created insecurity, confusion, and alienation within the Indian personality. Why the white man took this approach was really the white man's problem: he was unable to recognize the good qualities of the Indian character and culture because he had so canonized the deficiencies of his own. By learning the true history of their people, Sioux students are able to see themselves as a living part of their country. They are taught the differences between the white man's ways and the Indian's ways, and how the Indian beliefs can fit into the white man's world.

"The first step that I'm taking is instruction," Father Paul said, "but I don't stop there. I have advised and encouraged a few of the young men to go on a vision quest, to fast and pray on the hill, to discover themselves and some purpose in their lives. When they come down, I discuss their experiences with them."



*"The starting point in liturgical adaptation is to go back to using the sacred pipe as an instrument of prayer. . . ."*

In August, during the sun dance celebration, he held a field Mass in the bower where the flesh-piercing ceremonies had taken place the day before. During the service Edgar Red Cloud, a descendant of the great chief, held the sacred pipe and sang a sun dance song during the communion of the Mass.

At Christmas services Father Paul appeared in a beautiful new beaded vestment, to the great joy of the people, who recognized in the intricate beadwork the religious symbols of their own tradition.

As we talked, the tall, lean Jesuit moved his thoughtful gaze over rows of scholarly-looking volumes and let it rest on a peace pipe slanted against the wall. From the red sandstone bowl to the bit of the long stem, it was a lovingly wrought pipe. Carefully, tenderly, he took the pipe into his hands.

"The most important action I have taken to enter the Indian world, and to bring them into the Christian world, is to take up their sacred peace pipe. It was named 'peace pipe' because it was used to call God to witness the signing of peace treaties made with the United States government, just as we use the Bible in our courts to administer an oath. This is actually their prayer instrument.

"The starting point in liturgical adaptation is to go back to using the sacred pipe as an instrument of prayer. It is at the center of every traditional religious ceremony of the Sioux—and all other Plains Indians. By adapting the pipe, we achieve a starting point for understanding in the Indian's mind."

More accurately, the pipe is known as the "white buffalo calf pipe," recalling the legend that gives meaning to the pipe and explains its origin:

Many moons ago, in a time of great hunger, two hunters approached a hill, and a beautiful maiden came over the hill toward them. The good hunter thought her to be a sacred person. But the bad hunter had evil designs on her. The good hunter warned the bad hunter not to touch her. But the bad hunter did, and all the flesh suddenly fell from his bones. The maiden told the good hunter to go to his people and prepare a tipi to hold a very special gift. The next day, she appeared before the chief and all his people, and presented him with a bundle containing the sacred pipe. She told them that whenever they prayed with this pipe, from the heart, the Great Spirit would hear their prayers. As she departed, she turned into a white buffalo calf, then again into the beautiful maiden.

Three ceremonies still exist that are believed to have been given to the Sioux by the white buffalo calf woman—the sun dance, the sweat purification rites, and the vision quest.

One must take up the pipe with humility, Father Paul went on to explain, knowing how unworthy he is to handle a gift from above. He must have prepared himself for this gift by living a good life. He must be unselfish and pray for the needs of the people, not his own. And he feels a certain amount of fear, knowing that tradition has endowed the pipe with great power.

Father Paul took up the sacred pipe, observing all the traditional rubrics: filling it with tobacco, holding it in his right hand, offering it to the four directions to include the entire universe in his prayer, and concluding by touching the bowl to Mother Earth. He tells the Indians that their sacred pipe is a foreshadowing of Christ. Christ is the eternal and living Pipe, not made with human hands. Making the pipe a symbol of Christ does not destroy the religious meaning of their tradition, he says, but brings it to perfection and gives it even greater power.

"I am personally convinced that this association is the most important step in adaptation that the Christian churches can take. It integrates the Indian tradition into Christianity at its very core."

The attitude of the Sioux toward the sacred pipe today

varies among age groups. The elders still hold the pipe above all else in their religious lives; although many attend Catholic or Protestant services on Sunday, this new allegiance in no way detracts from their belief in the sacred tradition of the pipe.

Among adults the feeling is mixed. They are the product of an educational system that taught them it was bad to be an Indian, and that the only progressive people were the whites. Today, when a priest says Indian values are important, they are bewildered. Re-education is needed if these adults are to regain pride in their religious traditions.

Many children and young adults are too preoccupied with the happenings of youth to distinguish between what is Christian and what is Sioux. As a rule, however, they are very reverent at traditional ceremonies but still await an adult awakening into the mysteries of their religious heritage.

Father Paul uses the pipe in many ceremonies: blessing homes, weddings, funerals, wakes, inaugurations of tribal officials, sun dances, and Christmas and Easter services.

"You don't feel that you may be advocating a return to paganism?" I asked him.

"Nothing is further from the truth. We are following the same approach that Christ used in substituting the Mass for the Jewish Paschal meal. He used one of the great Jewish symbols—the sacred meal commemorating their deliverance from the slavery of Egypt—to explain that the New Covenant was fulfilling the Jewish Covenant, not destroying it. Christ used bread and wine as the symbols of sacrifice—symbols common to all the natural religions of the world.

"In the same way, when we make the sacred pipe, the central symbol of the Indian religion, the symbol of Christ in His office of priesthood, we are saying that Christ fulfills, and does not destroy, the Sioux religion. Take away the Indian's native religion, and you have destroyed him as a dynamic part of modern America."

Perhaps Ben Black Elk, a man well versed in the two cultures, can best evaluate Father Paul's approach. Anyone who has visited Mount Rushmore, in South Dakota, has doubtless seen this picturesque, full-blooded Sioux in war bonnet and beaded white doeskin. Children by the thousands have had their pictures taken beside him. But Ben Black Elk is much more than a "tourist" Indian. Son of a famed Oglala Sioux holy man, he has lectured widely on the religious traditions of his people. Yet he is a Christian, loyal to his church. He has said: "For many years, I was leading a double life—the life of the sacred pipe, as handed down by my people from generation to generation, and my Christian life. I lived with doubts of conscience from sun to sun, wondering if I was doing wrong as a Christian when I lectured on the sacred pipe as an Indian. Now, after many years, Father Paul Steinmetz has brought the two together into one life. Now I have an understanding of how the two cultures, the red and the white, can live as one. Peace is in my heart."

Other problems remain. It has been said that about one-fifth of America's six hundred thousand Indians have left their reservations for the cities. As they become urbanized and enter the mainstream of American life, is it not reasonable to assume that they will gradually drift away from the religious teachings of their ancestors? Otherwise, can they expect to compete in our society? I put these questions to Father Paul.

"Yes, I know," he replied, and his gaze seemed to focus on a faraway distance. "I know all too well what happens to so many of them when they leave home to make a new life in a big city. Defeated when they leave, more defeated when they come back. Faceless wanderers in a world that's strange to them.

"This is why we've got to help restore the Indian's pride in himself. Make him proud he's a Sioux, a Blackfoot, a Cheyenne. As more and more of the younger generations become educated in colleges and universities, they, most of all, must be taught to retain their tribal traditions while moving up the ladder of success—to choose the best of both cultures, living them together."

The earnest blue eyes of the young Jesuit rested again on the peace pipe; he was silent for a moment and then continued in a quieter voice:

"I am basing my approach to the Indian people on the personal conviction that the religious values of their tradition are still valid in their Christian faith. Some, I lead to discover their own values in Christianity. Others, I teach their own tradition, which they have lost in the reservation living foisted on them by the white man. The true Indian sees the Divine Presence in the whole world of nature. Religion is a part of his entire life. He does not put it into a compartment as modern technological man does."

Indians are the most neglected of all minority groups. Seldom is a voice heard in their behalf; they have had no Martin Luther King. They are the disinherited of this nation, their very birthright taken from them. They have the highest unemployment rate in the country, an average 40 percent being permanently unemployed. President Johnson said that 90 percent of American Indians are among the most poorly fed, housed, clothed, and educated in the United States. Their average life span is forty-three years. More help must come from the federal government, the states, industry, and private groups, to erase the defeatism with which Indians have lived for a hundred years and more, and offer them the bright future that is every American's heritage.

"But the first step is to make the Indian proud that he is an Indian." So Father Paul Steinmetz believes, and he has made a good beginning.

**Dabney Otis Collins** *is a retired Denver advertising executive and author of numerous historical and contemporary articles on the West, including "The Fight for Sitting Bull's Bones," which appeared in the Winter, 1966 issue of* The American West.

# SOCKEYE, CLING, & THE GOLDEN STATE

## ...OR, CALIFORNIA LABELED IN THE PANTRIES OF THE WORLD

BY RUTH TEISER

WHEN THE YOUNG GERMAN SAILOR Max Schmidt arrived in San Francisco in 1871, he knew no more of can labels than of restaurant-keeping. By 1904, however, his early career in the restaurant business had come to nothing and his subsequent efforts in label manufacturing had come to much. That year he took four boys on a round-the-world trip—his son, a nephew, and the sons of two of his associates in the West's major "label house," Schmidt Label and Lithograph Company. The boys vowed that all around the globe they would eat only canned foods carrying Schmidt labels. Legend has it that they succeeded.

Still better, and very likely true, is the story they brought back from the Egyptian desert. Mounted on camels, they were making for the Great Pyramid, when "Mr. Max" and a guide, lagging behind, saw all four boys slide off their camels and kneel in the sand. When they caught up, they found one boy excitedly holding aloft a can, the others dancing around him. It was an empty California salmon can—bearing, of course, a Schmidt label.

It must have been a bright red label, for until after World War I labels *had* to be red or no one would believe the contents to be real salmon. The first commercial salmon pack was produced

As is widely understood, promotion of California as the earthly paradise available to **anybody** (for pennies down and inflation to pay the balance) plunged forward through the last part of the Nineteenth Century and the first years of our own epoch by means of cubic miles of books, pamphlets, magazines, brochure, flyers, posters, tickets, ads, lectures, slide shows, chromos, letters, and notes in bottles. The glories of the golden land were pictured and sung, whispered and shouted, sold hard and sold soft. Yet the total of traditional promotion must have been much exceeded—not only in tonnage, but in breadth of distribution—by the humble but colorful product label, affixed to billions of cans and boxes, exported eastward into millions of homes. Hundreds of thousands of potential immigrants not only read and saw "California"—they also smelled it, tasted it, and swallowed it down.

by George Hume and Andrew Hapgood in 1864, across the Sacramento River from California's capital city. When sterilized in boiling water half the cans exploded. The other half were sent to market adorned with a red lead paint that was reflected for decades in salmon labels.

That first pack, far more importantly, established the West's first high-volume processed-food industry. From the Sacramento River the salmon canneries spread quickly northward to the Columbia, to Puget Sound, and to Alaska. There, the frigid little settlement of Klawak canned the first Alaskan salmon, in the summer of 1878. By World War I, the Pacific Coast had produced some ninety-three billion cases of canned salmon—nearly half of them from Alaska. Most were exported, at first to Australia, Germany, and England, later around the world. Since most carried Schmidt labels, there is little reason to doubt that such a can turned up near the base of the Great Pyramid. By 1904, California's fruit and vegetable canning industry was also going well, supplying domestic markets across the country and exporting some three million dollars worth of California foods each year—most of them bearing Schmidt labels.

The first Pacific-Coast-grown foods to be commercially packed were put up in San Francisco by Francis Cutting in 1858 or 1859. (The date is uncertain because Cutting's 1858 pack may have been only a repacking of pickles and preserves imported in bulk, but the 1859 pack definitely included Alameda County cucumbers.) Those early packs were in glass. Not until the 1860's was tin plate imported to be hand shaped into cans which were then soldered and labeled by hand.

Like the early whiskey labels that went onto bottles filled in San Francisco from kegs shipped around the Horn, the first western jars and can labels were simple. They were printed by the regular newspaper and job shops. Not until the late 1860's did many multi-colored labels appear. The first of any complexity and with any pretensions to artistry seem to have gone onto bottles of the high-alcoholic-content bitters that California's forty-niners and later settlers used to mollify their anguishes of body and spirit.

During the same period colored cigar-box labels of increasing complexity and precision appeared. In 1872, young Max Schmidt worked briefly for Korbel Brothers, cigar-box makers, who lithographed their own labels. But by the early 1880's, when the firm of M. Schmidt & Co. was on its way up in the world, label-making had become a specialized business.

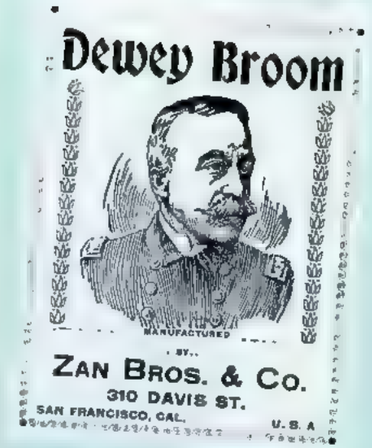
Having gained a variety of experience with lithography, working for a newspaper, then for a lithographic firm headed by the Negro Grafton T. Brown, and finally for the cigar-box makers, Max Schmidt set about building a sound little business of his own. He added zincography, the then-new method of making metal plates for letterpress printing, to his facilities for engraving lithographic stones and making proofs and bought additional production presses one by one. Finally, he was prepared to jump into the label-making business.

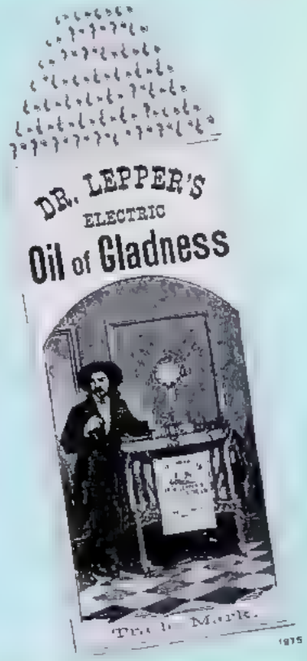
One by one other label-makers disappeared as he bought their "stock and good will." In 1880 when Pettit & Russ, one of the largest, failed, Max Schmidt bought its equipment, took over its accounts, and incorporated his own company. Six years later, he bought the label plant of the well-known printing and publishing firm, A. L. Bancroft & Company.

By the late 1890's the Schmidt company was even supplying labels to some eastern food processors, although competitors in eastern cities were filling the needs for most of their half of the country with labels similar to Schmidt's. In the West, however, the Schmidt Label and Lithograph Company dominated the market, and in 1899 Max Schmidt talked his longtime landlord into building the company a big new plant on Rincon Hill in San Francisco.

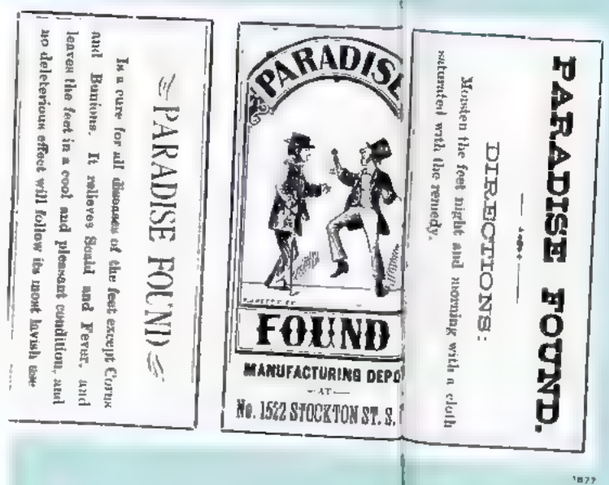
Photograph albums of 1903, when Schmidt's first Rincon Hill plant was in full operation, and 1909, soon after the post-earthquake plant went into production, present an unduplicated view of a typical, American "label house" of the period. Direct lithography from stone was giving way to direct lithography from metal plates, but soon both would give way to offset lithography.

Although the company had always done some letterpress work from "zincographs," until the beginning of this cen-





Although food-product labels came to be much the most important segment of the San Francisco-based industry, the business got its initial major boost from the exotic demands of local cigar-makers. It would seem that news value helped to sell bad five-cent smokes, and in the trade mark books in the California State Archives one finds curious commemoration of such disasters as the disappearance of the DeLong arctic expedition and the western excursion of Oscar Wilde. Cigar, spirits, and patent-medicine labels circulated only in the Far West—hence the general "Golden State" theme so prominent in the "export" labels was comparatively infrequent.


PARADISE FOUND
Is a cure for all diseases of the feet except Corns and Bunions. It relieves Scald and Fever, and leaves the feet in a cool and pleasant condition, and no deleterious effect will follow its most lavish use.
PARADISE
FOUND
MANUFACTURING DEPOT
No. 1552 STOCKTON ST. S. F.
PARADISE FOUND.
DIRECTIONS:
Moisten the feet night and morning with a cloth saturated with the remedy.
1877

The Lotta Crabtree cigar-box label at the right is among the earliest four-color labels. During the 1870's both the quantity and quality of multi-colored labels increased rapidly as the nature of the packaged-product business changed; that is, in the sixties and almost through the seventies, the small volume in which most individual brands were marketed made multi-colored labels quite expensive and best suited to such comparatively costly packages as a box of cigars or a bottle of wine; but with the development of large-scale processing and marketing of foods in the 1880's, huge and economical runs of particular labels brought color to the pantry shelf.

tury most of its labels, like those of similar companies across the nation, were lithographed from stones. (The word "lithography" means "stone writing.") The albums show the big old flatbed stone presses, the new aluminum cylinder presses, and the letterpresses, which were used mainly for very large orders, such as the Alaska Packers' salmon labels. In the lithography-oriented Schmidt company, the letterpress department was known as the "block department," probably for the wooden blocks upon which the metal cuts were mounted.

The letterpress technique of pressing paper to an inked raised image was discovered and rediscovered at intervals from at least as early as the eighth century. Lithography, however, is the invention of one man, Aloys Senefelder, who discovered in 1798 that an image drawn on a flat stone with an oily substance repelled water. When the stone was covered first with a film of water that clung to non-image areas, then with a film of oil-based ink which clung to the image itself, the image could be transferred by pressing paper to the stone with the aid of a transfer press. The paper received only ink from the drawn image.

In commercial use, the image from the original stone was transferred repeatedly onto a massive press stone by means of a kind of special albumnized transfer paper, and the large stone then went into the press; these press stones were sometimes so large that it took six men to lift them. Multicolor work required one stone for each color, and for elaborate labels as many as eight colors were sometimes used: one can imagine how ponderous the whole operation could be.

The basic process of stone lithography is still used by artists, but the transfer technique necessary for its commercial application is remembered by few. The heavy stones were hard to handle, and the cumbersome stone presses were slow. In time lightweight aluminum plates replaced stones, and allowed the transferred images to be curved and clamped around a press cylinder for easier and faster direct lithography. But even this advance was short-lived, for the still easier and faster technique of modern offset lithography quickly replaced direct lithography from both stone and metal.

The photographs of the Schmidt plant, which show these older processes in use, are of particular interest because in those years commercial lithography in the United States was a secret industry. Little of it was recorded in word or picture. Rarely did a lithography company sell outworn equipment; it was usually broken up lest it fall into the hands of a potential competitor. Processes and formulas were carefully guarded; each pressman had his own secret formulas for mixing ink—secrets which he would not pass on even to his fellow pressmen.

Today offset presses dominate the several pressrooms of the plant that Max Schmidt's company put up on Rincon Hill after the fire, and none of the skilled craftsmen who operate them know the secret processes their predecessors harbored. The building now houses the Stecher-Traung-Schmidt Corporation, a product of the merger of the Schmidt Lithograph Company with a somewhat younger competitor. Its tower has been refurbished; the monstrous thermometer that once graced its side is gone, but the old clock remains to give the time to San Francisco Bay Bridge travelers. To commuters the tower is a familiar landmark, but few know why today's freeway approach curves around the building. When the bridge was planned, the main approach was to go right across the site of the Schmidt plant. The story is that Schmidt let it be known at city hall, informally but in no uncertain terms, that if his land were condemned and his proud tower destroyed, he would move his firm out of the city. San Francisco was not about to let that happen, so bridge engineers were forced to alter their plans, the tower remains and the bridge approach curves, a heartening reminder that even bridge engineers can be swayed by the power of sentiment—and a significantly large tax base.

**Ruth Teiser,** *editor of several books on California history, is a freelance journalist and an interviewer for the Oral History Department of the Bancroft Library, University of California. Much of the material for this article was gathered through interviews with members of the Schmidt family and firm*

# COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

*Number 3 in a Series*

## "Border Affair"

BY AUSTIN E. FIFE

ONE OF MY BALLAD-SEEKING EXPEDITIONS several years ago led me to Prescott, Arizona. I had salvaged a few precious texts from the papers of Sharlot M. Hall—one of the first to perceive, preserve, and inflate the cowboy and western myth—and had listened to the reminiscences of Gail Gardner, rancher and range poet whose slender imprint *Orejana Bull for Cowboys Only* is fast becoming a collector's item. It was Gardner who sent me to Billy Simon at his isolated little ranch outside Prescott. Billy Simon had strummed up the tune for "Tying a Knot in the Devil's Tail," one of Mr. Gardner's poems that has become a classic among cowboy songs, still inspires country strummers, and has swept from the ranges on through city-billy songfests like tumbleweeds on the prairies in a high wind. I was prepared for a profitable meeting—but not for the most exciting experience in more than thirty years of collecting western ballads.

Pulling to a halt at Simon's tiny spread, I was attracted by the clatter of hoofs and horns in the corral area. There, in the midst of a dozen yearling steers, was an aging man on a bony horse, pitching and sparring to keep one bedraggled steer from joining the bunch. There was neither rein nor bridle, yet the rider by the pressure of his knees and the shifting of his body's weight was able to direct his mount to anticipate and counter the yearling's every plunge, keeping it isolated from the other critters. Here on an Arizona cattle ranch I witnessed beauty of form and motion such as I had seen elsewhere only at performances of the classical ballet.

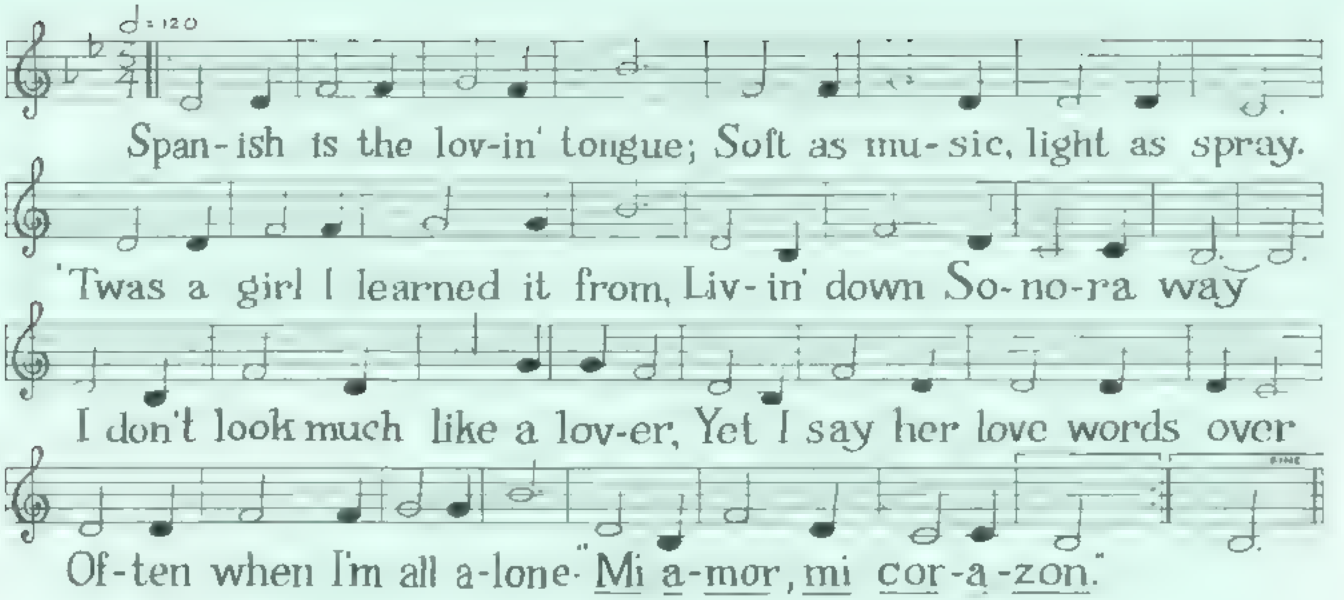
All too soon this master trainer of cutting horses broke off the exercise and rode over to inquire about my presence. I told him that Mr. Gardner had sent me to hear him reminisce about cowpunching and to sing some of his favorite western songs.

At fourteen Billy had abandoned his home in Pennsylvania to drift west, ultimately arriving at Prescott where he was employed as a range rider—one who rides day in and day out along the division lines between ranges used by different ranchers, keeping each brand in its designated area. Every week or so the owner arrived with fresh supplies; otherwise the range rider lived alone with his horse, hot roll, saddle, and (in Billy's case) his guitar.

Billy grew so lonely at times that he would ride some thirty miles to the roadbed of the Santa Fe Railroad near Wickenburg to salvage every scrap of reading material scattered by passengers along the way. These miscellaneous materials helped "kill time" and ward off loneliness. If not on one of these rides, then elsewhere, Billy came into possession of a dog-eared copy of Charles Badger Clark's *Sun and Saddle Leather* (1912).

Clark's lyrical interpretation of man in the West loomed to Billy as a vindication of his own boyish flight. And that is how, weathered guitar in hand and *Sun and Saddle Leather* propped against a log, Billy Simon gave final musical form to "Border Affair," Clark's enchanting poem about the bittersweet of cross-cultural love.

**Austin E. Fife,** *who has been collecting western folklore and music for more than thirty years, is co-author (with Alta Fife) of* Saints of Sage and Saddle: Folklore Among the Mormons *(1956), and* Songs of the Cowboys *(1966)*


♩ = 120
Span-ish is the lov-in' tongue; Soft as mu-sic, light as spray.
'Twas a girl I learned it from, Liv-in' down So-no-ra way
I don't look much like a lov-er, Yet I say her love words over
Of-ten when I'm all a-lone. "Mi a-mor, mi cor-a-zon."

Spanish is the lovin' tongue,
Soft as music, light as spray.
'Twas a girl I learnt it from,
Livin' down Sonora way.
I don't look much like a lover,
Yet I say her love words over
Often when I'm all alone—
*"Mi amor, mi corazón."*

Nights when she knew where I'd ride
She would listen for my spurs,
Fling the big door open wide,
Raise them laughin' eyes of hers,
And my heart would nigh stop beatin'
When I heard her tender greetin',
Whispered soft for me alone—
*"Mi amor! mi corazón!"*

But one time I had to fly
For a foolish gamblin' fight,
And we said a swift goodbye
In that black, unlucky night.
When I'd loosed her arms from clingin'
With her words the hoofs kep' ringin'
As I galloped north alone—
*"Adiós, mi corazón!"*

Moonlight in the patio,
Old *Señora* noddin' near,
Me and Juana talkin' low
So the Madre couldn't hear—
How those hours would go a-flyin'!
And too soon I'd hear her sighin'
In her little sorry tone—
*"Adiós, mi corazón!"*

Never seen her since that night,
I kain't cross the Line, you know.
She was Mex and I was white;
Like as not it's better so.
Yet I've always sort of missed her
Since that last wild night I kissed her,
Left her heart and lost my own—
*"Adiós, mi corazón!"*

# STREAM OF THE PAST

*Explorations into the lives of the voyageurs, and memories of good men and good times long vanished.*

BY SIGURD OLSON

THERE IS NO BETTER WAY to recapture the spirit of an era than to follow old trails, gathering from the earth itself the feelings and challenges of those who trod them long ago. The landscape and way of life may have changed, but the same winds blow on waterways, plains, and mountains, the rains, snows, and the sun beat down; the miles are just as long.

When I first came to the Quetico-Superior country of the Old Northwest, I knew little of its past beyond the fact the logging was about over—the great booms, rafts, and enormous mills gone. Old lumberjacks were still around with their stagged, high-water pants and the swagger that belonged to them alone. To me that earlier period seemed part of the time in which I lived.

Even the Indians were not entirely of the past, for some still stopped at the old campsites, fishing and traveling the lakes and rivers. Their social system and spiritual beliefs were changing; reservations were established, areas they used to roam, limited. I did not associate this with any different way of life than my own.

Absorbed in the present and involved with my own activities, I simply accepted things as they were. As a boy I had been familiar with the heroes of pioneer days; but that was a legendary period, and in my dreams and imaginings, there was an unreality about it that had nothing to do with the present.

And so it was with the meager accounts I had learned in my American history studies of the fur trade and early settlement along the St. Lawrence River in Quebec; names like Champlain, Cartier, Radisson, and Grosielliers, in the spread of exploration toward the West were also legendary.

During the time I was a guide in the regions the French voyageurs had traveled, I became friends with some of the half-breed descendants of these men, and it was they who

[illegible] to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

gave me my first living picture of the past. Joe Bouchard, Leo and Henry Chosa, Pierre La Ronge, and others told stories they had heard as boys of great birchbark canoes that came down the border from far-off Montreal, giving such names to lakes, portages, and rivers as Lac la Croix, Deux Riviere, and Maligne. Until then I had taken French names as a matter of course, but now they began to mean something.

I read Solon Buck's account of the fur trade and Grand Portage, the great carrying place on Lake Superior where thousands of Indians, voyageurs, and traders gathered each summer to exchange axes, knives, and muskets for rich pelts of beaver. The scene was the most famous rendezvous on the continent, the halfway point of a canoe route, 3,500 miles in length, where brigades from Montreal met those from Fort Chipewyan, and until the early nineteenth century was the most vital funnel in the trade and exploration of the Northwest. From this isolated, wilderness encampment, well known in the courts and banking houses of Europe, expeditions sallied forth to Rainy Lake and Lake Winnipeg, and by way of the Saskatchewan and Churchill rivers to Fort Chipewyan at the far west end of Lake Athabasca.

Grand Portage was one of the longest and most rugged portages of the entire route—nine miles of hills and swamps around the boiling rapids of the Pigeon River, a trail that tested the strength and endurance of generations of French voyageurs. Alexander Mackenzie of the Northwest Company, famed for his discoveries, described the voyageurs:

"When they arrived at Grand Portage each of them has to carry eight packages of such goods and provisions as are necessary in the interior country. This is a labor which cattle cannot conveniently perform in summer as both horses and oxen were tried by the company without success. I have known some of them to set off with two packages of ninety pounds each and return with two others of the same weight in the course of six hours, being a distance of eighteen miles over hills and mountains," and Mackenzie might have added that some even carried three.

Later I read Grace Lee Nute's *The Voyageur's Highway*, as well as the diaries of such explorers as Mackenzie, Verendrye, and Thompson, and through them caught at last the flavor, romance, and danger of the days in which they lived. The great highway of lakes, rivers, and forests became alive; and when I paddled down waterways, ran the rapids, and made the portages those old canoe men trod, mine was a sense of personal identification so powerful that at times, it seemed I were one of them

Their story of the years between 1650 and 1850 was a dramatic one in which fortunes in furs and supplies moved up and down the great highway. It was a time of struggle, warfare, and piracy between the rival fur companies of England, France, and the United States. A vast network of forts and posts was established throughout the North and West; and as a result, the lands were opened up, bringing settlers and development in their wake.

All this was fascinating, but it was the voyageur who captured my imagination—he who carried the tremendous loads, paddled from dawn to dark fighting waves and storms, existing on a diet of pea soup and a daily spoonful of fat. His muscle and brawn supplied the power for all the exploration and trade, but in spite of the harshness of his life — the privation, suffering, and constant threat of death by exposure, drowning, and Indian attack—he developed a nonchalance and joy in the wilderness that has never been equaled in man's conquest and exploitation of a new land. These exuberant French-Canadian canoe men, with red sashes and caps and songs in the face of monotony and disaster, were the ones who stood out.

Their barely adequate contracts with the various fur companies proved that profit had little to do with their choice of work, that it must have been something else — perhaps the lure of far places, the romance and adventure of a way of life they had never known before. Whatever the reason, they practically deserted the villages along the St. Lawrence for the *pays d'en haute*. Before embarking on any expedition, each signed an agreement, usually with a cross, for few could read or write. One to three years was the normal term of service. A bowman or steersman received twelve hundred livres per annum, an ordinary paddler four hundred; and for this princely sum he agreed to do whatever was required, not to desert his master nor give aid and encouragement to his rivals. A third of the wages was supplied before starting, together with his equipment consisting of a blanket, shirt, pair of trousers, two handkerchiefs, and several pounds of twist tobacco. The penalty for desertion or insubordination en route was flogging or, far worse, abandonment in the bush. But in spite of long absences from family and friends, grueling work on lakes and portages, they fought for the chance to go and were proud when chosen for the brigades. No worse fate could befall a young man than be forced to remain at home.

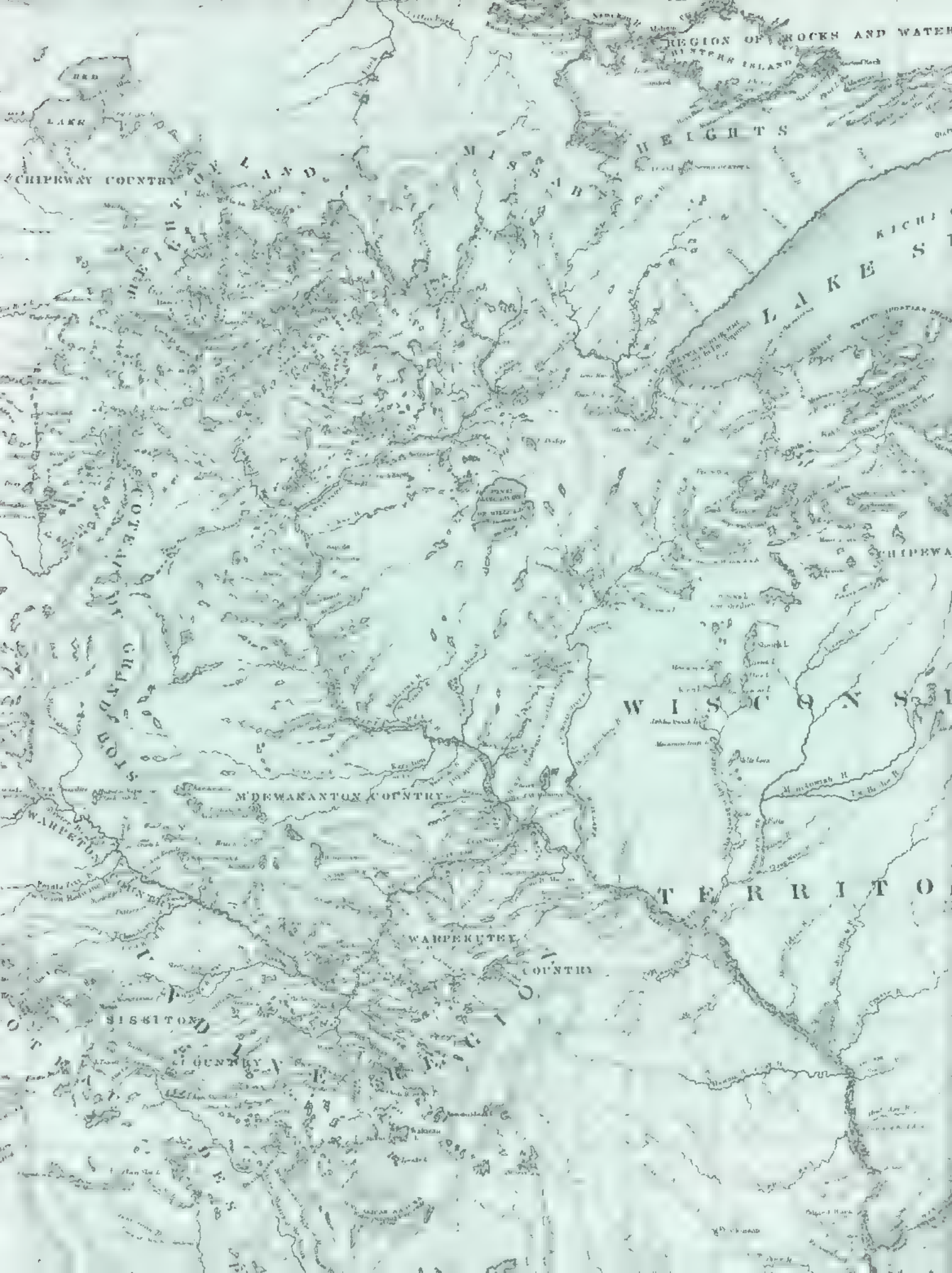
For several years I guided with a young French-Canadian, Pierre La Ronge, in whose veins ran the blood of a long line of voyageurs. From the very first he called me Francois, and no sooner were we together than we spoke in the patois of Old Quebec from whence his people came. The longer this went on, the more we acted and felt like the men from Montreal and Trois Riviere, and after a while we felt more like voyageurs than guides of the twentieth century.

"Pierre," I might say, "when you go for catch dose trout, use hangerworm or hoppergrass."

"Oui, oui, Francois," he would reply in mock desperation, "dere ees no hangerworm or hoppergrass een dees countree. All we have ees copper spoon," and with a gesture of utter bafflement any Quebecer might envy, "what can poor Pierre do?"

When cooking the inevitable dried fruit, he would announce to an invisible audience, "De prune ees de fines' berry dat grows een de swamp."

A ridiculous performance, perhaps, but it provided many


REGION OF ROCKS AND WATER
HEIGHTS
LAKE
CHIPPEWAY COUNTRY
M'DEWAKANTON COUNTRY
WARPEKUTEY
COUNTRY
SISSITON
COUNTRY
TERRITO

laughs; and talking like men from the villages along the St. Lawrence somehow colored our attitude toward the life we were leading and gave all events, including the weather, a humorous twist.

If someone should happen to balk at the weight of a pack, invariably he would be reminded of the standard load for voyageurs, the regular 180 pounds of the two packets he had to carry, and of the great La Bonga, who put them all to shame with five—a total of 450 pounds. At that time the carrying was done with a "tump line," a broad leather strap over the top of the head. In those early days of guiding, before I had seen the kind of carrying still done by Indians and half-breeds back in the bush, I used to wonder if the old stories were true. Now I know they were, for I have seen what can be done where the carrying of loads is an accepted thing.

A few years ago during a packing contest, a Cree Indian carried five hundred pounds. When I told this to some Swampy Crees in the Hudson Bay country to the east, one of them said, "I can carry that, too, and the Indian on top"; having watched him on the portages, I believed him.

And so it must have been with the voyageurs who entered the service young. They learned by doing, and by glorying in their strength; portages were a relief from paddling, a place for visiting and feeling the ground under their feet after the hazard of rapids and the waves of big lakes.

Pierre and I were no different; and when after a long paddle we finally hit the shore, we tore into the packs as though each was a personal challenge. Sometimes when the weather was foul and the trails a soggy mess, Pierre would quote from William Henry Drummond, the bard of the fur trade. The poem he loved best of all was "The Voyageur." He knew all the verses, and sometimes at night, when all the work was done and the time had come to crawl into our blankets, he would load up his blackened pipe, light it with a coal, get to his feet, and begin. All would go well until he came to the last verse; then his eyes grew round and dark, and his voice husky as he declaimed:

*So dat's de reason I drink tonight*
*To de men of de Grand Nor'wes',*
*For hees heart was young, an' hees heart was light*
*So long as he's leevin' dere —*
*I'm proud of de sam' blood in my vein,*
*I'm a son of de Nort' Win' wance again —*
*So we'll fill her up till de bottle's drain,*
*An' drink to de Voyageur.*

But the gaudy brigades are gone now. No longer are red-tipped paddles flashing in the sun, no more the singing and the sound of voices across the water; nothing left but crumbling forts, old foundations, and the names they left behind. But something will never be lost — the voyageur as the symbol of a way of life, the gay spirit with which he faced enormous odds, and the love of wilderness few frontiersmen ever knew.

HAVING SEEN MOST OF THE COUNTRY within a radius of a few hundred miles of Ely, I longed to explore to the north and northwest as some of the older guides had done. Recalling their stories of the Albany, the Sioux Lookout, and the Flin Flon, I knew the beautiful lake country of the Quetico-Superior was only a small part of the great route followed in the past. As years went by, it became an obsession to know the tremendous distances beyond and to understand what motivated the voyageurs and what challenges were theirs.

Though the country was mapped, with long-established Hudson's Bay posts scattered across it, the physical terrain was the same, with vast reaches as primitive as in the days of old.

Thus began for me a series of expeditions with friends who felt as I did. The famous Churchill River was the first — a thousand miles or more of lakes, rapids, and waterfalls extending from Ile a la Crosse in Saskatchewan to Hudson Bay. Though I had known the southern fringes of the Canadian Shield, I did not realize its real meaning and continental extent. We ran all the white water we could, lined where we dared not run, fought storms on the big lakes, and came to know the bush I had dreamed about so long.

Once we followed the Camsell River, north of the three-hundred-mile sweep of Great Slave Lake, from the Divide as far as Great Bear, with its cold, desolate barrens southwest of Coronation Gulf on the Arctic Coast. From the west end we careened down the Bear River to the Mackenzie, ninety miles away, and for the first time saw the route that the famous explorer had followed in his search for the Northwest Passage, only to find its mouth in the ice floes of the Arctic Ocean.

We retraced the trail of David Thompson, beginning at Reindeer Lake, 160 miles to the mouth of the Swan, and finally went down the Fond du Lac to the Hudson's Bay Post at Stony Rapids on Lake Athabasca — almost three hundred miles from Fort Chipewyan at its far west end. This was the starting place of the famed Athabasca brigades, who each year met those from Montreal at Grand Portage some two thousand miles away.

I saw the caribou migration on the Wolverine-Neganilini country, northwest of Fort Churchill; came to know the open tundras, beyond the limit of trees, and the feel of the lonely barrens along the west coast of the Bay. Like the caribou, I sought shelter in the islands of dwarf spruce known as the "taiga," the park-like stretches lying between the tundras and the treeline to the south. The "land of little sticks," as it is called, taiga is a refuge for all living things, a sanctuary from swirling whiteness, the long night, and the eternal cold

Three years ago we followed the Nelson, the Esquamish, and the Hayes down the historic route to Old York Factory on Hudson Bay: gazed, as countless voyageurs had done, over the blue and sparkling reaches of the sea itself; saw polar bears with their cubs and schools of white whales; felt the

***Voyageur country, from the Height of Land (center left) to the Region of Rocks and Water (top right — now part of Quetico Provincial Park), as shown in Joseph Nicollet's 1842 map of the upper Mississippi.***

frigid blasts from the ice pack in the straits above.

A year ago we saw the Ottawa, the Mattowa, and the French, the beginning of the route from Montreal; heard the legends of Champlain, and saw the portage where he lost his precious astrolobe in 1615. We portaged the dangerous rapids on the French, which had claimed the lives of many voyageurs; pictured the banks with their white crosses where in the high water of spring the great canoes were all but torn apart.

I saw the clear, green headwaters of the Yukon where it flows from the height of land above Skagway down through the fabled gold fields of 1898, and its brown and sluggish flow as it passes Fort Yukon on its way to the Bering Sea.

I came to know the part the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Yellowstone played during the fur trade, for they too were highways the voyageurs traveled into such rendezvous as Jackson Hole in Wyoming. There were no rivers the traders failed to explore, no matter how far or remote Some ventured so far they never did return, but wherever they went, the goods went with them — packs that grew more valuable with every added mile from St. Louis and Montreal. The rapids took lives, goods, and fur; every turbulent stretch of white water took its toll.

I became convinced that beneath many of the rapids along the voyageur's highway was a treasure of artifacts which, if explored with modern diving gear, might reveal some of the places where accidents had occurred. The Minnesota Historical Society, long interested in the voyageur story, organized a diving expedition to explore the Basswood River between Basswood and Crooked Lake on the Minnesota-Ontario border. This dangerous six-mile stretch had been mentioned by many early travelers and would, without question, be a good place to start.

Aware that voyageurs had a light-hearted approach to danger and, like all canoe men, would run fast water whenever they could to save the labor and time of portaging, we felt that during the two centuries they traversed this route, they must have dared many places where they should have carried — perhaps throwing caution to the winds after some regale at one of the trading posts.

We concentrated on rapids they might chance, and the divers found what we were looking for. I shall never forget the thrill of seeing the first emerge with a handful of rusted spear points. We ran to the shore, helped him out of the water, and took the precious iron from his hands.

"There's a lot of stuff down there," he blurted; "more where these came from."

Barely waiting to get his breath, he dived again and was joined by two others, and from then on there was a procession of trips from the bottom of the hole to the shore. Soon there were piles of trade axes, spears, and leaden shot; even beads and vermilion paint, bits of broken pipes, plates, flint, steel, and copper pots.

These could well have been the remains of the disaster that Alexander Henry the Younger wrote about 165 years before. His notation of August 9, 1800 described a typical mishap:

> I perceived the canoe on the north side coming off to sault [shoot] the rapids. She had not gone many yards when by some mismanagement of the foreman, the current bore down her bow full upon the shore against a rock. . . . The canoe we found flat upon the water, broken in many places . . . The loss amounted to five bales of merchandise, two bales new tobacco, one bale canal tobacco, one bale kettles, one bale balls, one bale shot, one case guns. I was surprised that a keg of sugar drifted down about half a mile below the rapids as its weight was 87 pounds; it proved but little damaged. The kegs of gunpowder also floated a great distance but did not leak

Seeing those artifacts come out of the water, where they may have lain for two centuries or more, was like meeting the voyageurs themselves. We laid our treasures on the rocks and looked at them with wonder. This is what they had carried and guarded with their lives; those rust-encrusted axes, knives, and spearheads had been handled last by them.

It was not until I stood again on the shore of Lake Superior at the site of old Grand Portage that the full significance and meaning came home to me. Now I could see it all — the Quetico-Superior country, Lake of the Woods and Winnipeg, Saskatchewan and the Churchill. They lay before me now — Athabasca and Great Slave, the Mackenzie and Great Bear, the Nelson and the Hayes, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa and the French, the wide expanses of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior — the whole broad sweep of land and water that was theirs. What I saw was a living map of lakes, rivers, and forests, of mountains and plains; a map colored with disaster and disappointment, with challenge and triumph, with hopes and dreams.

It took many years to understand the voyageurs and their lives; it seemed ages since I had guided with Pierre. I thought of him then and wondered if we would have been equal to their challenges. I could hear him bellowing into the wind:

*I'm proud of de sam blood een my vein,*
*I'm a son of de Nort' win' wance again—*
*So we'll fill her op til de bottle's drain*
*An drink to de Voyageur.*

When I saw the name Samuel Hearne chiseled in the rock off Fort Churchill on the west coast of Hudson Bay, with the date 1789 below, it meant more to me having seen the Coppermine River and the Arctic Coast he finally reached.

I never see the Mackenzie River without sensing the heartbreak of the great Alexander when his dream of finding the Northwest Passage to the Orient came to naught, when after thousands of miles of travel, he found only another way to the Polar Sea. I can picture him looking across the endless ice floes, with their fogs and constant whispering, and understand why he named one of the largest rivers on the continent "River of Disappointment."

In Montreal, along the old waterfront where thousands of great canoes once embarked for the West, I think of David Thompson, the best map-maker of them all, and how in his old age he was forced to sell his most precious possession to keep from starving—the theodolite he had almost lost on the Fond du Lac, the instrument which helped him map more of the continent than any man before him.

At old Grand Portage, I like to climb to the lookout on top of Mount Rose where Daniel Harmon used to look down on the busy scene of voyageurs packing their loads on the portage trail, on the comings and goings and frantic preparations of brigades for the Northwest or the East. I never see an Indian dance without thinking of John Flatt, the blind chief of the Grand Portage band, listening to the tom-toms with tears running down his weathered face as he remembered young dancers of his past—the dream dancers who may have known the last of the voyageurs. When young braves lounge around some trading post, I think of the night Chief John Graves of the Red Lake Reservation told me there was always something for them to do in the old days—hunting and fishing expeditions, gathering of wild rice and maple sugar, war games with distant tribes, the great homecoming feasts where coups were rewarded and proud young men boasted of their exploits.

"Today," he would say, "there is nothing for them to do. They drink and get into trouble, and sometimes white men put them in jail because they do not understand. This is sad for my people and for all Indians."

History means emotion and a consciousness of what people felt as they lived in primitive ways, endured hardships, and knew triumphs. Whether it was the period before white men came, the time of the voyageurs, the Spanish exploration of the Southwest, the long wagon trains along the Santa Fe or Oregon trails, the wilderness road of Daniel Boone or the mountain men—it is how people lived, suffered, and laughed, and what their dreams were, that determined the course of history. We can read and study, look at pictures and portrayals of those days, but the real heritage is knowing the land and those who lived upon it.

I followed the Wilderness Road of Daniel Boone across the Smoky Mountains toward the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky. The wilder reaches of those mountains look much the same as they did then; so do the views from grassy balds of high billowing hills, and the drifting clouds and floating mists which gave them their name. Coming by foot through Cumberland Gap for the first time and breaking out into the open meant more to me because of the wilderness I had known elsewhere. After days of climbing and hoping each ridge were the last, I could guess the feelings of the first frontiersmen. There in the distant blue was the unknown, perhaps hostile Indian tribes threatening capture, torture, and death, and I sensed the fierce joy of the frontiersmen as they thought of the land-hungry people waiting for word it was safe to move on. These men were not voyageurs in a wilderness of lakes and rivers; this was a land of dark forests and broad valleys, a land of twilight and shadows and the eternal sounds of hidden springs and rivulets.

Tracing the sun-baked trail of the Spaniard Coronado, as he sought the Seven Cities of Cibola across the arid canyons and painted deserts of the Southwest, I knew what he and his men had experienced—the thirst, blowing sand, and withering heat of a land without shade. From the moment the copper ball of the sun climbed above the horizon until it sank into the blue dusk, there was no relief. Day after day, it was the same slow plodding through hot drifting sands with a mirage before them—the glistening spires of Cibola. Here the conquistadors faced their unknown.

Following Lewis and Clark on the upper Missouri, I marveled at the strangely sculptured cliffs and pinnacles bordering the headwaters, two thousand miles from their starting point at St. Louis. I saw the shining mountains as they must have, after traversing the great plains where the river wound toward the Mississippi. We ran the breaks (as they called the upper rapids), portaged and lined as they had done, passed the Buffalo Jumps where Indians drove herds of the huge animals to their death on the rugged, talus slopes below—always conscious of the mountains ahead, the canyons, peaks, and passes they would discover before reaching their goal, the Pacific.

And so it has been wherever I have gone; what I learned in the land of the voyageurs taught me what to look for everywhere, convinced me that history means the warmth of human associations, that while great events may find their place in books and museums, it is the people themselves who really counted. No longer did a country provide only opportunities for fishing, hunting, and camping. When one followed the trails of the past, no matter who the legendary figures were—voyageurs, conquistadors, or gold-seekers—their feelings came through; and when they did, the land glowed with warmth and light.

Opportunities to do what I have done grow rarer as the breakneck pace of highway development goes on. Anything we can do now to preserve remnants of the old trails for future generations is worthwhile; for once gone, they are gone forever. While historical records are important, they are a pale substitute for the feeling of earth beneath one's feet. This is a priceless part of our historical heritage, and without such tangible evidence of the past, we will miss the flavor of centuries that have gone before.

**Sigurd Olson,** *President of the Wilderness Society, has been a Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Interior, the President's Advisor on the Quetico-Superior Wilderness, and past president of the National Parks Association. This article is adapted from his book,* Open Horizons, *which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf this spring.*

It was almost two centuries ago to the day that the first settlers entered California to stake out Spain's northernmost frontier. Two generations later, the Spanish colonists had evolved a life of pastoral simplicity in a land where providential richness seemed inexhaustible. "The Californians are a happy people," Sir George Simpson wrote of them in 1841, "possessing the means of physical pleasure to the full, and knowing no higher kind of enjoyment."

These were the Californios. Some called them indolent, retarded in the virtues of hard work and hard money, hopelessly backward relics of some misty age beyond memory. Yet it was a gentle culture, with a charm and a kind of innocence that even its critics could not escape. And in less than a generation after the first Yankee gold-seekers scrambled over the foothills of the Sierra, that culture was destroyed.

Today, as California commemorates its second century of growth, it might be well to look back for a moment upon this long-vanished society and remember to our own instruction that the Californios thought it would last forever.

Ignacio Coronel, ca. 1855

BY FEROL EGAN

# TWILIGHT OF THE CALIFORNIOS

Ignacio del Valle, ca. 1851.

IN LATE SEPTEMBER, 1542, a Portuguese captain of a Spanish fleet ordered the caravels *San Salvador* and *Victoria* to drop anchor in a Southern California bay. Then Captain Juan Rodríquez Cabrillo went ashore, where he questioned the Indians about a possible waterway that might connect the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The natives of future San Diego indicated that no such strait existed. Captain Cabrillo continued his voyage of exploration northward to the present California-Oregon border before he gave the order to return to Mexico. On the homeward voyage Cabrillo died, and was buried on one of the Santa Barbara Channel islands

Sixty years after this unsuccessful attempt to find a Northwest Passage, the rugged Basque, Captain-General Sebastian Vizcaíno, sailed up the California coast. He also failed to find a strait, and like Cabrillo, he missed San Francisco Bay. But Vizcaíno named the bays at San Diego, Carmel, and Monterey; and the capes Concepcion, Pinos, Año Nuevo, and Reyes. Then for 165 years the men of Spain forgot about California until Charles III received some rather disturbing, secret news: the Russians were coming southward from Alaska. The time had arrived for Spain to do something about California.

Even though Spain had not got around to establishing settlements in California, that did not mean she never intended to do so; she was not about to tolerate any intrusion. Orders were issued, and preparations were made to protect the territorial domain. In January 1769—exactly two hundred years ago—defenders of the realm and the first of the *Californios* set sail from insect infested San Blas. Their ships sailed into a rough, winter storm, and it took six weeks to make the voyage to La Paz in Baja California. Here, Father Junípero Serra blessed the caravels *San Carlos* and *San Antonio* before they sailed north under the command of Captain Pedro Fages. After this, Father Serra—riding muleback and walking with a limp—traveled almost two hundred miles to the old Jesuit mission at Loreto to join an expedition under the command of jovial, middle-aged Captain Gaspar de Portolá for the long trek up the Jesuit Trail to Alta California—a journey that ended with Portolá's discovery of San Francisco Bay.

The Spanish did not find any Russians; but they did find a rich land with plenty of water, grass belly high on their horses, herds of game animals, great flocks of water fowl, rolling hills that would support large cattle herds, peaceful Indians, and a temperate climate with the cold, white snow far in the distance on the high peaks of a mountain range Cabrillo had seen from his ship and had called *las sierras nevadas*, the snowy range. What more could any man desire? In this new Eden there were countless souls to save and endless leagues of free land to support missions, *pueblos*, and *ranchos*. This was a land to call home. All it needed was settlers, and within the next decade expeditions such as those headed by the incredible Sonoran, Captain Juan Bautista Anza, guided the first families of *Californios* across the Colorado Desert to their new home

Isolated from Mexico by tremendous overland journeys and difficult voyages up the Pacific Coast, descendants of California's first Spanish settlers quickly developed a culture of their own. At first, they lived in *pueblos* and *presidios*, and grazed their livestock on common ground. Each family knew everything about its neighbors, and the only break from pastoral provincialism came through outsiders: Yankee whalers, New Englanders interested in buying sea otter and seal furs for their China trade, Boston merchants involved in the hide and tallow trade, and a sprinkling of mountain men who had eased across the Sierra Nevada. Now and then, there was news of events in Mexico, such as the revolution of 1821, which cut ties with Spain and forced reluctant *Californios* to lower the imperial flag and raise the republican colors of Mexico.

By 1830, the total population of California numbered less than five thousand. But winds of change were in the air. The chain of missions entered a period of decline, and the *Californios* looked upon the great stretches of mission property as good ranch land that would soon be theirs. To add to the coming age of prosperity, active trading between California and New Mexico started with the opening of the Old Spanish Trail from Santa Fe and Taos. Added to this trade route was the natural extension of the Gila Trail, and increased traffic along the Sonora Trail that followed in the footsteps of Anza. Commerce along these routes, together with the sea trade and the acquisition of mission land, pushed the *Californios* into a period of affluence beyond their wildest dreams.

Land grants were easy to obtain. All a man needed was some proof of Mexican citizenship, a *diseño* (map) indicating the approximate boundaries of his *rancho*, a description of any prominent landmarks, and a willingness to

build and live in a ranch house and to stock the rolling hills and lush valleys with cattle. No payment was required, and a man could claim as much as eleven leagues at 4,439 acres per league. Even this limitation soon vanished, and the *ranchos* of the *Californios* became enormous.

By 1844, Pío and Andrés Pico owned Ranchos Santa Margarita and Las Flores —133,440 acres that reached twenty miles northward from the present city of Oceanside to the approximate Orange County line near San Clemente, and east to the foothills and coastal mountains. In Alta California, the grand *ranchos* of the Peralta family included the area now covered by Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, and part of the Santa Clara Valley. Don José Domingo Peralta's Cañada del Corte de Madera in the Santa Clara Valley was truly magnificent. It had its own chapel; a large, rambling, adobe ranch house with iron grilles on the windows; a bull ring; a private dock, and a fleet of barges for transporting goods and livestock on San Francisco Bay.

The large *ranchos* were not limited to persons of Mexican ancestry. If a foreign visitor became a Mexican citizen, he was welcome to apply for a land grant. This was the case with men like Sutter and Warner, whose empires became entry points for overland pioneers crossing the Sierra Nevada or the Colorado Desert. Other men sometimes became *rancheros* by marriage. John (Juan) Forster, the English trader, married one of Pío Pico's sisters; and the American sea captain, Henry Delano Fitch, eloped with a daughter of Joaquín Carrillo. But these were not the first nor the last outsiders to marry into old *California* fam-

**Mariano Vallejo was one Californio whose talents and energies rarely failed to capture the admiration of enterprising Yankees. Walter Colton, for one, was enormously impressed: "He is a large landed proprietor; his cattle are on a hundred hills, and his horses in as many vales; while a thousand Indians, whom he has won from savage life, cultivate his fields, and garner his grains."**

Mariano G. Vallejo, with daughters.

## An Oblique View of the Preserved Record

*Collaborating with the sun on small sheets of silver-plated copper, Yankee photographers fixed forever the likenesses of their innocently gracious victims as Spanish California was being rushed into American statehood.*

*Enshrined in fact and legend, the Yankee mechanic worked with tireless Puritan zeal to leave records of his passage. All means were just, and to this end every skill was pressed into service. Written, oral and graphic records served as needed, and the art of photography—new-found in 1839—was as quickly mastered and used.*

*It is curiously ironic that the invading Yankee's unrestrained enthusiasm for recording everything about himself and his deeds should, with the aid of the newly-discovered daguerreotype camera, preserve as well the likenesses of men, women, and children whose culture he obliterated with wanton speed and deliberate abandon. How bizarre that the invader-destroyer should be at the same time the agent-preservative of his victim.*

—Robert A. Weinstein

**A man's family was his pride. "The fecundity of the Californians is remarkable," Walter Colton said in 1850, "and must be attributed in no small degree to the effects of the climate. It is no uncommon sight to find from fourteen to eighteen children at the same table. . . . There is a lady of some note in Monterey, who is the mother of twenty-two living children. The youngest is at the breast, and must soon, it is said, relinquish his place to a new-comer. . . ."**

Members of Southern California's Lugo family line up for a group portrait

**To the Californios, war was largely a matter of florid proclamations, of troop movements with many a flourish and threatening charge, more a matter of style than of blood and death. But they were superb horsemen, some of the best in the world: and when Andrés Pico led his mounted lancers into the camp of the invading Americans under General Stephen Watts Kearny at San Pascual on the morning of December 6, 1846, they proved that they could fight. At the end of the ensuing battle, Kearny left 21 dead, Pico none. It was the only major victory that the Californios would win during the conquest of California, a transient moment of glory before the inundating flood. . . .**

Andrés Pico.

ilies, pay a twenty-dollar fee to become a Catholic, swear allegiance to Mexico, and settle down to the royal life of a *ranchero*. The dark-eyed women were gay and beautiful, and the living was easy.

Conspicuous consumption became a major force in this cattleman's culture. Much like the Plains Indians, the *rancheros* tended to judge each other by standards of excess wealth and personal manhood. The quality of a man's horses, the size of his cattle herd, the style and cost of his clothing, the richness of his riding gear (a single saddle with gold and silver inlay might cost as much as four thousand dollars), the size and beauty of his adobe ranch house and his more compact town *casa*, his horsemanship, his ability with a riata and lance, all were factors by which a man was valued—and so was the size of his family.

Local pride in the number of offspring intrigued historian William Heath Davis, who recorded a conversation with Don Antonio María Lugo. In his eighties, Don Lugo had married for the third or fourth time; his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren were many. When Davis questioned him about the size of his family, the old man replied: "Don William, I have done my duty to my country."

Along with family pride and an emphasis on visible wealth, the *Californios* enjoyed a life of ease and pleasure. *Majordomos* and *vaqueros* did the hard work, and the *ranchero* concentrated upon a life-style that refused to be hurried. He gave and attended a multitude of fiestas. He participated in annual rodeos or round-ups. He watched amateur bullfights or bear-and-bull fights; bet on cock fights and horse races; roped grizzly bears for sport; and saw to it that all family weddings, christenings, and funerals were carried out in the grand style befitting a *Californio*.

It was a time of gracious living in a good land, a time of pastoral grace. But the seeds of disaster had been sown as golden grains in the tailrace of Sutter's sawmill. At first, it appeared that the discovery of gold in 1848 would simply add to the fortunes of the *rancheros*. Miners were more than willing to pay high prices for beef, horses, mules. Yet it was only a temporary affluence—and foreshadowed the collapse of a way of

Don Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, sagely retreated to Sonora, Mexico during the American invasion of Los Angeles. He returned after the armistice of February 29, 1847 to maintain that the rules of the armistice guaranteed him the provisional governorship. The response of Colonel Richard B. Mason, military governor, was to place Don Pio under arrest for a few days. Ordering the governor-pretender's release, General William T. Sherman wrote to Pico's jailer, Colonel J. D. Stevenson: "The manner in which he entered California might have subjected him to the treatment of a spy, and his subsequent conduct ... together with his absurd pretensions to the government of the country, made him merit harsher treatment than he now receives. You will please inform him that Upper California is now American territory."

Don Pio Pico, his wife and two nieces, ca. 1856

life. By 1851, the United States Congress had passed its Land Act, requiring the *Californios* to verify their rights of ownership or give up their *ranchos*. To the *rancheros*, verification was a monumental task, since most of them had no more than carelessly-drawn titles and maps from another time. All the burden of proof was placed on their shoulders, and the fact that they were in possession of the land meant nothing. Even though most eventually managed to prove ownership, the years of legal fees and court costs forced many to sell the very ground they had fought to save.

Legal contrivance, anti-Mexican attitudes, brazen land squatters, death from the small-pox epidemic of 1862, and the disastrous drought years of 1863–1864 brought the Age of the Californios to a close. Their languid culture simply collapsed beneath the weight of Yankee money, politics, and industrial power. Some of the great family names persisted, but the old times vanished along with the California grizzly and the vast open country.

Today, the name Pico is normally associated with a Mexican restaurant in San Francisco or a boulevard in Los Angeles. South of San Diego, the Rancho *Ti Juan* of the Arguello family was replaced by a squatter town that has become noisy, garish Tijuana, where big-name matadors draw *gringo* dollars to the Plaza Monumental de Tijuana on Sunday afternoons. In Alta California, Vallejo is a suburban freeway town on the highway to Sacramento, Tahoe, and Reno. And all that remains of the fantastic Peralta Rancho is the name of a junior college. The *Californios* are gone, and even the place names they left behind are mispronounced and spoken with a harsh tongue.

Implicit obedience and profound respect are shown by children, even after they are grown up, toward their parents," Sir George Simpson wrote. "A son, though himself the head of a family, never presumes to sit or smoke or remain covered in the presence of his father. . . With this exception, the Californians know little or nothing of the restraints of etiquette." Reginaldo del Valle, seen here at the age of thirteen, appears to be under singular restraint

Reginaldo del Valle in 1856

In a proclamation of August 7, 1848, Colonel Richard B. Mason outlined America's plans for California and for the future peace, happiness, and permanent prosperity of her people: "From this new order of things there will result to California a new destiny. Instead of revolutions and insurrections, there will be internal tranquility; instead of fickle and vacillating policy, there will be a firm and stable government. . . The arts and sciences will flourish. . . The choked up channels of trade will be opened, and the poisoned fountains of domestic faction forever dried up. Americans and Californians will now be one and the same people. . . "

## IGNATIUS DONNELLY

*Continued from page 14*

ers. In 1890, for example, the census showed that, though it was a relatively poor state, Kansas had the highest ratio of mortgage debt to true value of taxed real estate of any state except prosperous New York. Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Minnesota were all within the top nine states in these ratios. In Kansas and North Dakota that year, there was a mortgage for every two people, in South Dakota, Nebraska, and Minnesota one to every three. In many wheat counties total mortgage debt was close to 75 percent of true valuation.

During the same period the dollar was appreciating in value against a cost index largely made up of farm products. Alex M. Arnett has shown that if the dollar's "commodity value" were set at a base of 100 in 1865, it reached 200 in 1876, 250 in 1885, and 300 in 1894. Milton Friedman surveyed the period 1867–1960 and concluded that deflation was so severe in the post–Civil War decade that "in no other period did wholesale prices fall so continuously at so high a rate" and that "prices fell at a rate of over 1% a year from 1879 to 1897." The consequences to the farmer were twofold: the weight of his debts doubled and redoubled, and the value of his crop shriveled. Arnett suggests that, because of deflation, the burden of a five-year debt grew during the period when most of the agricultural Northwest was being settled and debt incurred by the following amounts: 1865–69 by 35 percent, 1870–74 by 19.7 percent, 1875–79 by 4.5 percent, 1888–90 by more than 11 percent.

During the same period, naturally enough, it took fewer and fewer dollars to buy wheat or corn, so the farmer's return for his labor diminished. Wheat prices wobbled downward from 106.7 for the years 1870–73 to 100.6¢ in 1878–81, 80.2¢ for 1882–85, 74.8¢ for 1886–89, 70.9¢ for 1890–93 and 63.3¢ for 1894–97. Prices as low as 45¢ a bushel were not unknown.

We, in the middle of the twentieth century, are so accustomed to inflation as a concomitant of economic growth that it is difficult for us to acknowledge that the explosion of economic energies and the outpouring of production that occurred in the last half of the last century occurred during a long *deflation*, and that this was true in large measure because the national government, largely in the hands of creditors and heavily influenced by international financiers, wanted it that way.

In 1865 Secretary of the Treasury McCullogh called for a return to "constitutional currency," meaning a gold standard. The farming West had expanded rapidly to meet the needs of wartime, borrowing Greenbacks to do so, and McCullogh was using pious words to espouse a tax upon debtors. The government had issued paper money, not redeemable in gold,

*The "father of the people's party" engaged in a dispute.*

and the chief business of the states east of the Rockies was being done in such currency. McCullogh's "return" meant that he and his financial friends were determined to force repayment in gold by depreciating the currency. Friedman and his colleagues have demonstrated that the money stock fell "precipitously" from 1867 to 1879; not until the 1931–39 period "was there anything like it." Then after a "deflation of 50% [that] took place over the course of the decade and a half after 1865," leaders of the farmers, like Donnelly, abandoned their wary view of deflation (Donnelly had been for a mild, slow return to pre-war prices) and came out fighting.

Talk of "constitutional currency" did not impress Don-

*Continued on page 46*

# "Out of the bread, into the chips, and back again—and not even a dust of the hands!"

BY NYLE H. MILLER

NO MATTER HOW BLEAK the prospects, men—and women—have a way of making do with what they have. Early settlers of the high plains, however, probably had to make do with less than the pioneers of any previous frontiers. That they managed at all is a testament to the power of sheer determination. Vast areas of the plains were devoid of wood or building stone, and as one example of pioneering adaptation, men cut and fashioned homes of sod, giving birth to what has been called the "Sodhouse Frontier."

Wood for fuel was equally scarce, but a foresightful Providence had supplied an abundance of fuel in a somewhat less endearing form. The millions of buffalo that had grazed on the plains and prairies left an enormous scattering of digestive litter, which proved to be a fast-burning but thoroughly adequate substitute for wood, and whose warmth enabled many a family to survive the first bitter years. When the buffalo chips ran out, cattle chips provided a handy replacement.

Women, naturally enough, found this necessity particularly burdensome; but in the tradition of female pragmatism, their attitudes quickly evolved from squeamishness to casual familiarity—as the following excerpt from an 1879 issue of the Pearlette (Kansas) *Call* illustrates:

"Chips. You know wood is scarce in Meade County, and coal expensive, hence you will doubtless wonder what we do for fuel.

"Those who can afford it buy coal in Dodge, at $7.00 to $9.00 per ton, while others, having teams, get some wood in the canyons east of us.

"But most of us burn chips—buffalo chips we call them, but the majority of those we find were doubtless dropped by Texas cattle, when passing north.

"These chips make a tolerable fair fire, but of course burn out very rapidly; consequently to keep up a good fire you must be continually poking the chips in and taking the ashes out. Still we feel very thankful for even this fuel.

"It was comical to see how gingerly our wives handled these chips at first.

"They commenced by picking them up between two sticks, or with a poker. Soon they used a rag, and then a corner of their apron. Finally, growing hardened, a wash after handling them was sufficient. And now? Now it is out of the bread, into the chips and back again—and not even a dust of the hands!"

THE ABOVE PIECE OF FOLKLORE, presented in the straightforward prose of a pioneer editor, seemed untoppable until I repeated it before a dinner meeting of auctioneers. I should have known better. The master of ceremonies immediately followed with his own chips story:

"Once a family of Scots arrived on these same plains. The thrifty parents were delighted at the abundance of free fuel—cattle chips—thereabouts, and they immediately set their kids to gathering them in.

"When the days wore into weeks, the chips became scarcer and scarcer, and fresher and fresher, as the kids got closer and closer—until one of them unfortunately got kicked in the face!"

The photograph on the facing page (said to be of Miss Ella Sly, a resident of the sand hills near Garden City, Kansas) was probably taken by H. L. Wolf, who operated studios in several locations in Kansas several decades ago. The original glass-plate negative—somewhat damaged—was found by one of Wolf's daughters-in-law in 1959. Damaged or not, it remains an intriguing documentation of one of the least glamorous aspects of frontier life on the Great Plains.

**Nyle H. Miller,** *a member of the editorial board of The American West, is Executive Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, author of* Kansas A Student's Guide to Localized History *(1965), and co-author of* Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Cowtowns *(1963).*

## IGNATIUS DONNELLY

*Continued from page 43*

nelly; he had found no ukase for deflation in that document. He saw the real need to be providing enough money to do the nation's business so that prices did not fall sharply and the burden of debt did not swell to panic proportions: "What the nation wants is prosperity. Money is a mere incident—a means of exchange." He wanted no more fiscal pieties about the Constitution; he wanted debt to be repaid in the same currency it had obtained from the lender. "Can you keep a room warm next winter, with the thermometer at 30 below zero, by reciting the Declaration of Independence?" he asked.

But President Grant, in the midst of this deflation, was persuaded after a series of conferences with New York bankers to veto a bill passed by both houses of Congress to permit continued, but limited, issue of irredeemable currency, calling it an "inflation bill." Deflation continued, and at the same time the national economy boomed. The period 1867–79 saw the greatest railroad expansion in the nation's history, freight through the New York lines quintupled, basic industrial production nearly doubled. In the 1880's (Simon Kuznets has computed) gross and net national product rose more than in any other comparable period in the nation's history.

The consequence was, as Dr. Friedman puts it, that "an unusually rapid rise in output converted an unusually slow rate of rise in the stock of money into a rapid decline in prices." In 1887 a less sophisticated farm journalist put it in simpler terms: "There is something wrong in our . . . system. The railroads have never been so prosperous, and yet agriculture languishes. The banks have never done better . . . and yet agriculture languishes. Manufacturing enterprises never made more money . . . and yet agriculture languishes. Towns and cities flourish and 'boom' . . . yet agriculture languishes."

It has been argued that Donnelly saw the monetary policies of the government too much in terms of conspiracies of bankers and international financial speculators, and some critics, like Richard Hofstadter, have sniggered at his fear of the power of such conspiracies. Yet Donnelly knew the legislatures of the period very intimately. Like a reformed drunkard, a reformed recipient of bribes and a reformed agent of commodity speculators can be unusually conscious of the temptations of sin. He knew the potency of money and the phancy of policy to its requirements. It was not only that he had watched the government of the United States twice go begging to private bankers to support its credit (in the Civil War period when Jay Cooke managed the national bond issues—for a substantial profit—and in 1895 when J. P. Morgan and August Belmont helped Grover Cleveland survive a gold crisis—for a substantial profit). He knew also that international gold brokers and the holders of gold securities had influenced national policy, year in and year out; and even the less forceful silver interests were occasionally capable of rallying congressional strength to secure fat speculative profits (as they did for a few weeks during and after the passage of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1890)

The monetary policy of the United States could be manipulated during the Grant administration and the Cleveland administration, and in between, by small groups of powerful men who may have been wise but were certainly not disinterested. In fact, there is now a substantial, though not dominant, body of opinion that would agree with Dr. Friedman (and Ignatius Donnelly) that "on the whole the adoption of silver would have been preferable [to an early commitment to gold because] it would have moderated or eliminated deflationary tendencies here [and] . . . in the world at large," and that a commitment to either would have been better than the "uneasy compromise that was maintained." Professor Friedman has long advocated relinquishing the gold standard again —it has not, of course, been with us very long—and he has carried with him many who today believe that the primary object of monetary policy should be "an abundant currency" growing with the economy at an orderly rate.

THE HARANGUES of the Greenbackers and the Populists of the period were based, more often than not, upon fact. The abuses they pictured cried out for cure. Donnelly has been portrayed as a windbag, but he was a shrewd and often successful legislator. After his "drowned gopher" return to the Republicans in 1871, he induced them to adopt a platform calling for tariff reform (the issue upon which he had broken with Ramsey) and a graduated income tax. Though he failed during the 1870's to find the right ticket to Congress or the Senate (he ran as a Republican, as a Democrat, and as an Anti-Monopolist), it is also true that during those years as a state legislator he succeeded in writing laws to achieve his practical objectives. The St. Paul *Press* ranted that he "rules the Senate with lawless license of demagogic devilry, as was commune-governed Paris," while he pushed through a series of reforms that gave strength to the farmers in their struggle against the railroads and grain merchants. Russell Nye falls into the common habit of derogating Donnelly. It is not true that those reforms "all failed." Some passed immediately, some in later sessions. In 1877, for example, he forced the passage of a usury law over bitter opposition, and then a measure requiring some protection against "snap foreclosures" of chattel mortgages

He was no heedless demagogue, careless of the sparks struck by his words. In 1877, a year of unemployment and hunger, class hatred exploded in terrorism, insurrection, and pitched battles between militia and strikers. Though he sympathized with the resentment of the hungry unemployed, he decried their violence. In *Caesar's Column*, he showed he

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE RUINS OF THE ROUND-HOUSE AND PENNSYLVANIA CAR-SHOPS AT PITTSBURGH.

*"Society divides itself into two hostile camps," Donnelly wrote in* Caesar's Column. *"They wait only for the drum-beat and the trumpet to summon them to armed conflict." Labor and capital clashed in the great railroad strike of July, 1877* (Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, *Aug. 11, 1877*).

feared bloodshed, and he took a moderate position during similar outbreaks in 1893. "The remedy is not to be found in violence . . . a single drop of blood would disgrace our civilization." He worked steadily and effectively for thirty years to attack specific injustices with legislative remedies. Even in the middle 1880's, after the Granger movement died like a tired warhorse beneath him, and he was slogging along ahead of the threadbare Farmers Alliance, he still had the respect of the Republicans. Once again Mr. Nye is unjust: Donnelly did not "climb aboard" the Alliance bandwagon. He started it. Even the hostile Folwell had to admit how significant was his espousal of the program. "The Republican convention listened to the overture and to Donnelly's delicious blarney and straitway lifted into their platform substantially all the 'demands' of the Alliance and its associates."

It may be that this posthumous appreciation is of some satisfaction to the spirit of Ignatius Donnelly, but in his last years he was poor, exhausted, and powerless. Many of his opponents, recognizing that he was beaten, treated him better than have some recent writers. He was an old man who had achieved dignity, had turned his back upon easy acceptance, and had stood by his principles in a remarkably unprincipled age. The rich, powerful, and respectable do not treat ridiculous and repudiated antagonists with affectionate respect, and at the end there are several occurrences that seem to show how they, despite their public utterances, did not feel him to be contemptible.

In 1895 Donnelly stepped down as leader of the Farmers Alliance. He returned from the last session of the annual meeting to sit alone, eating dinner in the dining hall of the Brunswick Hotel in Minneapolis. He was too fat, too scarred, too shabby to be an impressive figure. Then H. C. Long, the new chief of the Alliance, came into the room and asked him to join many of his old friends and antagonists in the hotel's parlor. There they presented him with a pen, and Long said, "May it be used unhesitatingly against the enemies of your cause." As Martin Ridge describes the scene: "Before Donnelly could reply, Major J. M. Bowler, who had known him as a political friend and foe for thirty-seven years, also presented him with a gold-headed cane. Donnelly was deeply

touched. 'I assure you that I have always tried to do right,' he responded. 'I know I am not infallible . . . I am not used to a cane.' "

During the previous year Donnelly had privately received evidence of the personal esteem of the most frequent butt of his polemics against the railroads, James J. Hill, and of his political agent in the Democratic party, Michael Doran. Kate Donnelly had been ill for a long time. In June she died. The grieving Donnelly was crippled with rheumatism. His eldest son, Stan, had cared for his mother and, himself exhausted, required medical care. Ignatius Donnelly was in deep financial trouble: these illnesses had drained his small reserve. In this extremity, not only Hill, through his son-in-law, but Doran as well offered to help. Hard men like these, who had learned contempt for most office-seekers, certain that Donnelly was beyond the reach of their influence even in misfortune, would not volunteer aid to him unless he had their respect.

In the summer of 1900 Donnelly, with sixty-eight years behind him, was having trouble getting all the way through his speeches in support of the presidential ticket headed by Bryan. He noted that though "my hair is not yet gray . . . my legs are weak." Just as the new year began, on the morning of January 1, 1901, he died. His pallbearers were "some of the most distinguished business and political leaders of Minnesota—some of whom had been his bitterest political enemies."

It is well to remember Ignatius Donnelly as he was at the peak of his career, in the 1880's, when Major Newson described him: "Mr. Donnelly looks and acts like a young Falstaff, with a round, chubby face, a round, well-developed body, and round, chubby hands . . . one not knowing him would take him to be a jolly bishop. . . . As a man he is very social . . . bubbling over with good humor and anecdote . . . his hearty laugh is like the cholera, very contagious. . . . In debate he is a stubborn, able political opponent; fearless . . . and decided in his convictions; remarkably ready in repartee and inexhaustible in resources."

Donnelly was a man whose hopes for wealth and eminence had died early, who had seen crops turn brown and shrivel in drought years, and ripe wheat consumed by locusts. He was an "outsider" who lost more efforts at office than ten men might try, and though he had passed through a "dreary period" as a member of a corrupt machine, his generous instincts, combative temper, and unflinching realism had made him a hero to the farmers he led. Some critics have found it amusing to quote Donnelly's exclamation that he was proud to be "one man proclaiming truth year after year," though few listened. Such sentiments were—and are—unfashionable accents. Silly plays like "Inherit the Wind" have sought to make those who used these biblical accents *seem* silly, but William Jennings Bryan and Ignatius Donnelly were brave men, contending for justice against hosts of error and larger hosts of indifference. It is pleasant for well-fed urban liberals to chortle over rural reformers grown old, depicted without dignity upon the stage. But in the days of their glory, of their long and sweaty struggle to bring justice to the West, these men had been giants. In the armor of a righteous cause—despite their lapses and their excesses—they are proof, even today, against the derision of their detractors.

***The monetary theories of the "Greenbackers" met with stiff derision in the public press. Above, Uncle Sam cries, "Hold on! You don't suppose I'm going to set up your rag-money scarecrow, do you?"*** **(Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, *September 25, 1875.*)**

Readers interested in pursuing Donnelly's life and times in detail will find the following books helpful: *History of Minnesota* by William W. Folwell, 4 vols., 1924-26; *Monetary History of the United States, 1867-1960* by Milton Friedman and Anna J. Schwartz, 1963; *Rendezvous with Destiny* by Eric Goldman, 1953; *The Age of Reform* by Richard Hofstadter, 1955, *Pen Pictures of St. Paul, Minnesota* by Major T. M. Newson, 1886; *Midwestern Progressive Politics, 1870-1950* by Russell B. Nye, 1951; *The Populist Mind* edited by Norman Pollack, 1967, and *Ignatius Donnelly: The Portrait of a Politician* by Martin Ridge, 1962. Donnelly's own works include *The American People's Money* (1895), *Caesar's Column* (n. d.), *Doctor Huguet* (1891), and *The Golden Bottle* (1892).

**Roger G. Kennedy,** *a frequent contributor, is a former newscaster, currently a St. Paul banker, and author of* Minnesota Houses.

THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

# THE NEW MORMON HISTORY

By Moses Rischin

In the course of the past decade, Mormon history has for the first time attracted an array of sophisticated scholars within and without the Mormon fold that has no parallel in the history of any other religious group in America—with the single exception of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, the grandfathers of us all.

Despite broadened views, the true secularization and pluralist exploration of America's religious past have been slow in coming. Candor, depth, and intellectual poise have been missing. Church history, of whatever denomination, has suggested parochialism. Protestant historians have written about Protestantism, Catholic historians about Catholicism, and Jewish historians about Judaism. But Protestant, Catholic, and Jew, no less than Mormon, have written of Mormon history. Indeed, despite its vaunted ethnocentricism, Mormon history seems unique in its magnetic fascination and imaginative challenge to Mormon and non-Mormon alike.

Doubtless, the recent Mormon experience of cultural shock has compounded the allure of Mormon history for serious scholars. For the first time in a century, Mormondom's persistent cohesiveness, Old Testament concreteness, and cultural isolation have been confronting a numerous Mormon diaspora eager to retain its identity and yet to be intimately and actively at home among the *avant garde* Gentiles. In this encounter the highly visible and explicit tensions between past and present, community and individual, faith and reason, may tell us as much about the American condition as about the Mormon dilemma.

Late in 1965, Mormon scholars and historians proclaimed what might be called a Mormon declaration of cultural independence: the founding both of the superbly edited *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* and of the Mormon History Association. Leonard Arrington wrote:

"Most of those who have promoted both the Association and *Dialogue* are practicing Latter-Day Saints; they share basic agreement that the Mormon religion and its history are subject to discussion, if not to argument, and that any particular feature of Mormon life is fair game for detached examination and clarification. They believe that the details of Mormon history and culture can be studied in human or naturalistic terms—indeed, must be so studied—and without thus rejecting the divinity of the Church's origin and work."

Curiously, neither a Mormon nor a historian but a Harvard-trained sociologist of Irish Catholic origin set in motion the era of the new Mormon history. Thomas C. O'Dea has written the single most useful and open-ended book on the Mormons: *The Mormons* (1957, 1964). If not a history, it is sufficiently historical and comprehensive to satisfy the tastes of all but the most specialized scholars. The most seminal monograph in Mormon history, on the other hand, has been written by Leonard Arrington, a Mormon educated not in Utah but at the University of North Carolina: *The Great Basin Kingdom* (1958, 1966). This masterly economic history of Utah not only opposes Mormon cooperation to American rugged individualism but juxtaposes a whole range of values which stir the impulse to comparative history.

Overseas migration—a critical component of essential Mormonism, given its central doctrine of the "gathering," so close in spirit and implications to Israel's "ingathering of exiles"—has only recently found its historians. William Mulder, the Dutch-born Mormon historian, has written in *Homeward to Zion* (1957) the first book on the Mormon migration from Scandinavia, while the English historian, P.A.M. Taylor, an Anglican, has provided in *Expectations Westward* (1966) a careful study of the Mormon migration from Great Britain. B. Carmon Hardy's *The Mormon Colonies of Northern Mexico* (1963), a dissertation done at Wayne State University, explores another facet of the migrant experience.

In *The Development of Mormon Communitarianism* (1961), an important and as yet unpublished Yale dissertation, Mario DePillis, of Italian Catholic origin, has brought great insight to the whole problem of a centrifugal nineteenth-century Protestant America greatly in need of an authoritative new American faith, a need to which the Latter-Day Saints so effectively responded. Two younger Mormon historians have also ably illuminated Mormon psychology and ideology. In *Nauvoo* (1965) Robert Flanders presents a powerful study of the Nauvoo persecution, during which there developed a hatred and suspicion of outsiders that blighted the Mormon mentality for many years. Most recently, Klaus Hansen's significant *Quest for Empire* (1967) explores Mormon nationalism, which outlived its usefulness with the death of the political kingdom of God, and soberly traces the magnitude of the political and intellectual transformation.

This seems to be only a beginning. A giant step from church history to religious and intellectual history seems in the offing. As Mormon continuities and discontinuities are reassessed from entirely fresh perspectives and with a potentially greater audience than ever, other Americans and Mormons may better come to understand themselves.

**Moses Rischin** *is Fulbright Professor of History at the University of Uppsala, Sweden.*

## Looking Westward

By Joseph E. Illick

If iconoclasm is not the spirit motivating contemporary American historians, there is at least an overwhelming desire to depict the human side of our heroes. In **The Historical World of Frederick Jackson Turner with Selections from His Correspondence** *(Yale, $10.00)*, Wilbur R. Jacobs assembles from the epistles of the patron saint of the West a mosaic "portrait of the man himself." At first glance one feels cheated, since the letters focus on the small world of professional historians who write back and forth about jobs and library facilities, courses and curriculums, each other and each other's books. Nowhere do we see Turner in a moment of personal anguish or profound recognition.

Yet Turner the man does emerge. We sense the humor in his twenty-three-page bibliographic reply to Constance Lindsay Skinner's request for "a brief biography of yourself" for a juvenile book on the frontier. We note the irony of his turning down a position at the University of California to enter the pinnacle of eastern academia, Harvard (though we are not shown his later regrets). We are given intimate glances at the contradictions in his life: the advice, solicited from Herbert Baxter Adams, that warned against wasting time writing textbooks; his frequent strictures to students about research; and his own time-consuming extracurricular activities. Indeed, we are almost embarrassed to read his letter to Arthur Schlesinger: "What you say of my frontier studies' being fundamentally an economic interpretation interests me. Personally, I don't know."

Jacobs concludes that "Turner is not one of the great letter writers. . . . There is little that is really brilliant here, little that is new." This sort of understatement may humanize Frederick Jackson Turner, but it leaves the reader wondering about the nature of his greatness and the sources of his durability among historians. The answer is to be found in Richard Hofstadter's **The Progressive Historians** *(Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95)*.

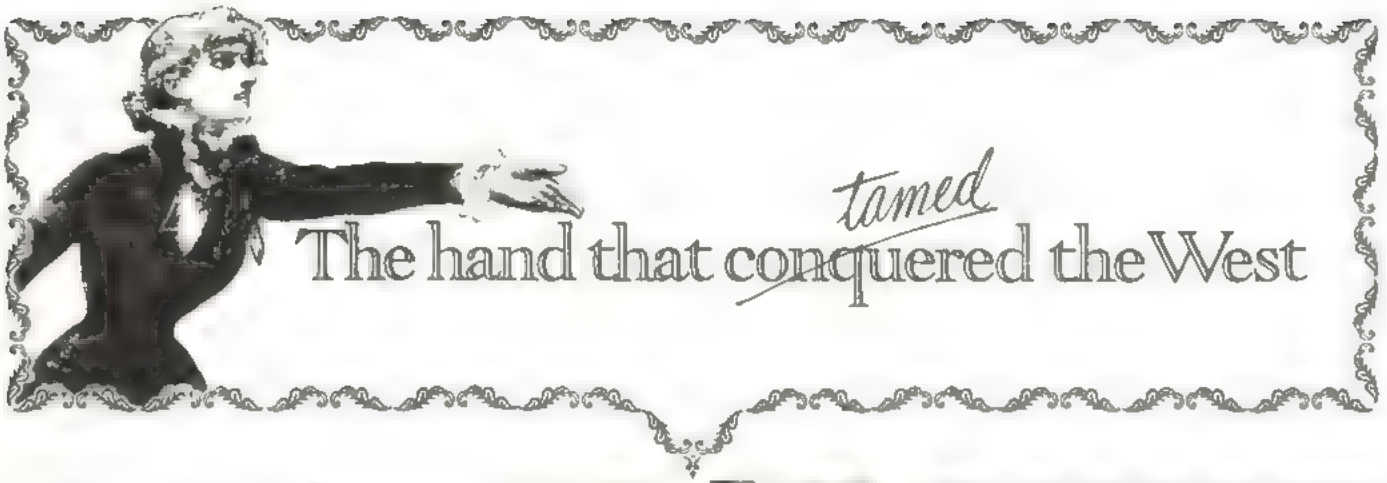
There has always been a healthy present-mindedness about Hofstadter's work, and it is therefore not surprising that he should choose to study Frederick Jackson Turner, Charles A. Beard, and V. L. Parrington. Among the early twentieth-century historians classed as progressive, "it was they who seemed to be able to make American history relevant to the political and intellectual issues of the moment." Hofstadter confesses that although these men aroused his interest in history, he came to realize that their solutions were not equal to the complexities of his world. But this is just the point. The greatness of the progressive historians rests not on their vision of the future but on their transcendence of the past—their ability to go beyond the work of their teachers.

One of the more provocative points of Hofstadter's book is his explication of the writing of American history in terms of the generation gap, a fact of life for any faculty member at Columbia University. As Hofstadter makes clear, the progressives did not merely react against their elders but also built upon their work. "Turner's conception of the frontier and Beard's of the meaning of the economic interpretation of politics gave a connected meaning to the multiple events of American history." Turner's use of the frontier as an integrative device was not, however, his only innovation in the writing of American history. He also addressed himself to the special situation created by the brevity of our past. Since the fundamental dimension of history is time, Americans have felt short-changed, and they have compensated for this deficiency by attaching importance to space. "It was Frederick Jackson Turner's essential merit, as well as the source of his defects, to try fully to incorporate this awareness of space . . . into our historical thought."

Hofstadter subtly captures the parallels between Turner's life and thought. His father, Andrew Jackson Turner, resembled the migratory American described by the son. Young Frederick grew up in the frontier country of Portage, Wisconsin. While a student at the university in Madison, he wrote: "The West looks to the future, the East toward the past." In glorifying democracy as the wave of the future, Turner differed from most of the eastern aristocratic historians of an earlier generation

*BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE . . .*

• The Mormons *by Thomas C. O'Dea* • The Great Basin Kingdom *by Leonard Arrington* • Homeward to Zion *by William Mulder* • Expectations Westward *by P. A M Taylor* • The Mormon Colonies of Northern Mexico *by B. Carmon Hardy* • The Development of Mormon Communitarianism *by Mario De Pillis* • Nauvoo *by Robert Flanders* • Quest for Empire *by Klaus Hansen* • The Historical World of Frederick Jackson Turner with Selections from His Correspondence *by Wilbur R. Jacobs* • The Progressive Historians *by Richard Hofstadter* • The Mountain States *by Marshall Sprague and the editors of Life* • The Rockies *by David Lavender* • The War With Mexico *by Donald Barr Chidsey* • Navajo Folk Tales *by Franc Johnson Newcomb* • Cochiti: A New Mexico Pueblo, Past and Present *by Charles H. Lange* • The Story of Man at Grand Canyon *by J. Donald Hughes* • Seventy-five Years in California *by William Heath Davis* • Odyssey of a Desert Prospector *by Herman W. Albert* • California's Prodigal Sons: Hiram Johnson and the Progressives, 1911-1917 *by Spencer C. Olin, Jr.* • The Grey Horse Legacy *by John Hunt* • The Port of Houston: A History *by Marilyn McAdams Sibley* • The Tenderfoot Comes West: Half a Century of Progress in California, and the Petroleum Industry *by Roy P. McLaughlin* • Chronicles of the Gringos: The U.S. Army in the Mexican War, 1846-1848; Accounts of Eyewitnesses & Combatants *edited by George Winston Smith and Charles Judah* • The Call to California *by Richard F. Pourade* • New Mexico in 1850: A Military View *by Colonel George Archibald McCall, edited by Robert W. Frazer* • For Science and National Glory: The Spanish Scientific Expedition to America, 1862-1866 *by Robert Ryal Miller* • The Indians of Los Angeles County; Hugo Reid's Letters of 1852 *edited by Robert F. Heizer, foreword by Carl Schaefer Dentzel* • Plains Indian Raiders: The Final Phases from the Arkansas to the Red River *by Wilbur Sturtevant Nye* • South Pacific Coast *by Bruce A. MacGregor, foreword by Oscar Lewis* • Military Posts in the Powder River Country of Wyoming, 1865-1894 *by Robert A. Murray* • Discoverers of America *by Charles Norman*




### A BRIDE GOES WEST

***by Nannie Alderson and Helena Huntington Smith***

Among hundreds of books written by and about range men, there are few valid ones concerning women. Nannie Alderson's true story of ranching in Montana following her marriage in 1882 was considered by J. Frank Dobie as one of the best. Paper Bison Book 389 **$1.95**

### THE GENTLE TAMERS:
**Women of the Old Wild West**

***by Dee Brown***

A wise and witty report. Underlying the book's fascinating comedy and pathos and terror, there's a sociological overtone. The reactions of these women to their frontier experience were as important as male reactions in the development of American mores and American democracy. – Marshall Sprague, *New York Times Book Review*

Paper Bison Book 370 **$1.95**

### MOLLIE: The Journal of Mollie Dorsey Sanford in Nebraska and Colorado Territories, 1857-1866.

***Foreword by Donald F. Danker***

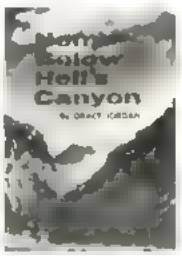
"A wonderfully spirited account of all the hardships of pioneer farming, of frontier schoolteaching, of mining-camp life, and of bushwhacker troubles in Civil War days...a golden book which should take its place beside such Western classics as Sarah Royce's *A Frontier Lady*"—Allan Nevins. Cloth **$5.00**

### LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

***by Elinore Pruitt Stewart.***
***Foreword by Jessamyn West***

"The New York *Evening Post* calls it 'the literary discovery of the year,' but it is more—a kind of spiritual adventure with a rare soul"—*Review of Reviews*. "A robust observation of Wyoming life"—*The Nation*. "Full of the tang of the prairies and of a delightful personality"—*New York Times*

Paper Bison Book 115 **$1.25**




### HOME BELOW HELL'S CANYON

***by Grace Jordan***

"*The story of life on an Idaho sheep ranch* this is an account of pioneering during the depression of the Thirties, and Mrs. Jordan tells it well. Her husband later became governor of Idaho, but it is doubtful that life in the Governor's mansion was half as intriguing as the start-over days in the log cabin on the Snake"—*Arizona and the West*

Paper Bison Book 143 **$1.60**

### SOD AND STUBBLE:
**The Story of a Kansas Homestead**

***by John Ise***

A little classic of regional America' – *Madison* (Wis.) *Capital Times*. Splendid reading for undergraduates – *Choice*. A story of amazing heroism – the kind that went on day by day for 20 years. A stirring book – *New York Times.* Paper Bison Book 372 **$1.95**

### THE FAMILY BAND:
**From the Missouri to the Black Hills, 1881-1900**

***by Laura Bower Van Nuys***

"Laura Bower Van Nuys's warm account of the Bower Family Band, of which she was the youngest member and bass drum player, recalls a nearly forgotten institution—the small, traveling brass band"—*Christian Science Monitor*. "Authentically informative of pioneer life. *The Book Exchange* Cloth **$4.50**

### THE CHRISTMAS OF THE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS:
**A Recollection by Mari Sandoz**

"The starvation of the Sandoz family for a few of the objects of culture must have been repeated over and over again on the frontier especially among immigrants who brought to America a tradition of opera, classical music, and a taste for culture. Mari Sandoz has told her story well"—*Utah Historical Quarterly*

Cloth **$2.95**

UNP

University of Nebraska Press
Lincoln 68508

His professor at Johns Hopkins, Herbert Baxter Adams, was a German-trained scholar whose interest was evolutionary institutional development. Adams did not consider the West worthy of study. Turner studied and taught European history (Hofstadter credits him with the imagination to look at westward expansion in a larger-than-American perspective), but he confessed to Carl Becker that his frontier thesis "was pretty much a reaction" against the Adams school, "due to my indignation."

Turner's early career accounts for his reputation. The five essays that he published between 1891 and 1903 "charted out a very large part of the course that American historiography was to run for the next generation," and for this reason he may be called "the first of the great professionals." During the same time he was training large numbers of students in his seminar at Madison, many of whom achieved professional eminence.

Yet Turner never fulfilled his youthful promise, if the spawning of new ideas or the writing of important books is taken as a criterion. In 1910 he left Wisconsin for Harvard, where he was never quite comfortable. He wrote to Becker three years later, "There is advantage in a region which ferments over one which—doesn't," while to his daughter he confided that he had listened "in brilliant spells of silence" to the conversation of Mrs. William James. He contracted for book after unwritten book and, having fully exploited his idea of the frontier, turned to sectionalism as an organizing principle, but without success. "He was still mentally locked into the grand spatial metaphor that had dominated the first phase of his work."

One cannot help noticing the analogy between Turner's decline and the implications of his famous thesis. The frontier, full of ebullient optimism, could not last. With the occupation of the West (time overtakes space), it became the East, and where was the future then? But however appealing this metaphorical explanation of Turner's career may be, the real clue to his decline is to be found in the interchangeable, and therefore undiscerning, use of the terms "frontier" and "West." Hofstadter finds the fault in "the bland and conventional qualities of Turner's mind."

The reconciliation of this judgment with Turner's greatness is accomplished by recognizing two aspects of the frontier thesis: on the one side, "his poetic vision"; and on the other, "a series of historical and sociological statements which seem to hinge on fact." It is the latter which Turner's critics have hammered at, but it is the vision that will probably intrigue Hofstadter's readers. Apparently it was instinctual, a reflection of Turner's life. Are we to conclude, them, that Turner's fame rests on environmental happenstance or the mystery of poetic creation? Hofstadter brings us as close to the man as we are likely to get but we are still left wondering. ❧

## The Mountain West

BY T. A. LARSON

**The Rockies** by David Lavender, maps by Harry Scott *(Harper & Row, New York, 1968; 404 pp., biblio., index, $8.95).*

**The Mountain States: Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming** by Marshall Sprague and the editors of Life *(Time-Life Library of America Series, Time-Life Books, New York, 1968; 192 pp., illus., glossary, index).*

THESE BOOKS are complementary rather than competitive, although both are addressed to the general reader and ostensibly deal with the same subject, *The Rockies*, part of a "Regions of America" series, emphasizes "the patterns of living that developed within the mountainous sections of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, central Utah, and northern New Mexico." Lavender begins with the Spanish and subsequent explorations, turns to the fur trade, and then focuses major attention on nonferrous metal mining (principally gold, silver, copper, and lead), which he believes to be "the prime determinant of Rocky Mountain history." Here and there he treats less thoroughly the trails, Mormons, Indians, "boosters and boomers," railroads, livestock, water, timber, and recreation. Except for timber and recreation these are peripheral topics since, unlike nonferrous-metal mining, they are not concentrated in the mountainous areas that concern him most. The author's native state, Colorado, gets much more attention than any other.

Lavender knows his subject, although footnotes are scarce. He offers a seventeen-page bibliography, made up almost entirely of secondary sources. His comments on established facts are often interesting and well phrased. Although he does not push the theme very hard, he is clearly a conservationist who has misgivings about the persistent "cash in and get out" mentality. The prologue deals with Lavender's idyllic boyhood in Telluride (where he was born in 1910), and the epilogue describes his life in that vicinity in the 1930's. The only illustrations, except for endpaper prints, are four excellent maps.

Time-Life's *The Mountain States* is part of the "Library of America" series. Marshall Sprague of Colorado Springs, who (like Lavender) is a well-established popular writer, supplies 50,000 words of text (compared to 180,000 by Lavender), while unnamed editors contribute many picture essays. The text is spotty and thin, since the states of Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, and Wyoming cannot be covered comprehensively in so slim a text. Short chapters are devoted to settlement, water, the Navajo Indians, ranching, mining, the Mormons, and wilderness. The last chapter, in its plea for conservation of scenery, wildlife, timber, and oil shale, supplies a common bond with the Lavender book.

*The Mountain States* contains extraordinarily beautiful maps and pictures. They make the text—which is quite good after the first few pages of folksy small talk—seem relatively insignificant. There are magnificent color pictures of everything from Navajo rugs to ghost-town buildings, from the Teton Mountains to red and white sailboats on Lake Mead. Illustrations and text share the 192 pages about equally.

The two books dovetail neatly because Lavender confines his attention largely to the nineteenth century while the Time-Life volume gives three-fourths of its space to the present. Many readers will think of important topics that have been neglected—in the first

book because of the special emphasis on nonferrous-metal mining and on the nineteenth century, and in the second book because of the brief text. Yet each is successful in accomplishing what it attempts to do. Probably the Time-Life volume should be read first because it will whet the appetite for Lavender's much more challenging study.

**T. A. Larson** *is Professor of History at the University of Wyoming.*

## The Gringo War

BY JOHN TRICAMO

**The War with Mexico by Donald Barr Chidsey** *(Crown Publishers, Inc., New York, 1968; 192 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $3.95).*

THE VICTORY of the United States in the Mexican War was an accomplishment of a well-trained, compact professional army. General Zachary Taylor created a disciplined force of men who won the crucial, early battles along the Río Grande and in northern Mexico. Winfield Scott was a superb general who led his force of ten thousand men in the nation's first amphibious operation, followed by a masterful overland operation from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. Furthermore, the war gave a conclusive demonstration of the effectiveness of the curriculum at West Point.

In *The War with Mexico* Donald Barr Chidsey has written a brief, illustrated account of the war. His treatment, though colorful and hard-hitting, is too cursory. There is no discussion of the strategic planning involved, and his account of the battles suffers from considerable omissions. His handling of Taylor's victory at Monterey fails to give proper credit to the importance of General Worth's flanking maneuver. Rather than illustrations, the reader might find maps more useful.

Also, Mr. Chidsey unfortunately has made some errors: The Alamo was more costly to the Mexicans than he intimates. Van Buren as President hardly had to prove "he had a mind of his own"; he had already demonstrated his political talents. Daniel Webster was not a candidate at the Harrisburg Convention in 1839; he had previously taken himself out of the race and was then supporting Harrison. To call John Tyler "an ardent annexationist" in 1840 is an overstatement; his commitment to Texas came only in 1843, when he hoped to use annexation as an instrument to gain the Democratic presidential nomination for 1844. And lastly it was not Polk but Tyler who pushed the joint resolution through Congress.

*The War with Mexico* as popular history is a disappointment. The reader who wants a readable, inexpensive account of this controversial war would do well to purchase Otis A. Singletary's *The Mexican War*. It is well written, comprehensive, and in paperback costs half the price of *The War with Mexico*.

**John Tricamo** *is Assistant Professor of History at San Francisco State College.*

# MAN'S RISE TO THE BESTSELLER LIST

"Insightful . . continually points out parallels and bridges from Indian practices to those of other civilizations, past and present makes us see their civilization by observing ours . a moving book."—Thomas Lask, *The New York Times*

"An original thinker and a graceful and lucid writer a ground-breaker."—Alvin M. Josephy, *Book Week*

"Marvelously readable"—Peter S. Prescott, *Look*

"Few titles suggest themselves as the reading material of a decade hence, this book is qualified for deserving longevity a superior book that should be widely read, and I rather suspect it will be."—Stewart L. Udall, *Washington Post*

"A trailblazer."—John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

"The season's most original, challenging, literate anthropological study, designed for the intelligent layman "—William Hogan, *San Francisco Chronicle*

"Certainly the most important work of American history in recent memory."—Donald Stanley, *San Francisco Examiner*

"None of Mr Farb's distinguished titles indicates how well he writes, which is superbly."—*Harper's*

**MAN'S RISE TO CIVILIZATION AS SHOWN BY THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA FROM PRIMEVAL TIMES TO THE COMING OF THE INDUSTRIAL STATE**
**by PETER FARB**

**$8.95**

**Illus. with 68 photographs, maps, charts. Notes, Sources, Bibliography, Index.**
**November Book-of-the-Month Club Selection, also Book Find Club, Natural Science Book Club, and Library of Science Book Club.**
**230,000 copies in print in all editions.**

**dutton**

## Universal Tales

BY BERNARD L. FONTANA

**Navajo Folk Tales** by Franc Johnson Newcomb *(Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art, Inc., Santa Fe, 1967; 203 pp., illus., $8.50).*

WHEN THAT DAY COMES—as it inevitably shall—when the sixteen million sprawling acres of the Navajo Indian Reservation are liberally provided with paved highways, public schools, and television sets, the importance of what Mrs. Newcomb has done with Navaho folk tales will show like a full moon on dusk's horizon. She has committed to print a few of the many dozens of folk tales Navajo parents used to tell their offspring in the long, quiet evenings when there were no other distractions. Many still tell them. But the time is not far away when Navajos will no longer know why Small Duck has a short tail or how it is that the smallest among us, if we try hard enough, can prove ourselves to be the bravest.

Not that Mrs. Newcomb, who came to know Navajo Indians from twenty-five years' residence at a reservation trading post, is the only author to put Navajo tales in writing. Other stories appear in widely-scattered places in the abundant and often out-of-print Navajo literature. But *Navaho Folk Tales* provides us with the most concise collection; it is handsomely printed, and native artist Alfred Clah has used his pen to further enhance these charming and entertaining pages.

This book was not written with the Navajo specialist or folklorist in mind. There are no footnotes. There is no bibliography. There are no analyses or comparisons. There is instead only an ordered presentation of stories intended originally for children, stories that at once tell us why things are as they are and suggest to us—or to Navajos, at least—how we should live.

I read all seventeen chapters of this volume aloud to my six-year-old son, one chapter each evening. He sat in rapt attention as we followed the People on their journey from the Four Worlds below; as we learned why the bat (Hosteen Buckskin Ears) is withdrawn and bitter; and as we anticipated what scoundrelly deed Coyote would next perform.

These are tales with the quality of universality. I look forward already to reading them aloud again, even as I have to promise to do.

**Bernard L. Fontana** *is Ethnologist of the Arizona State Museum, University of Arizona*

## The Cochiteños

BY OAKAH L. JONES

**Cochiti: A New Mexico Pueblo, Past and Present** by Charles H. Lange *(Southern Illinois University Press, Carbondale and Edwardsville, 1968; 618 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $4.95).*

ANTHROPOLOGY AND HISTORY are disciplines that have been very closely associated in the study of New Mexico's development, especially since the last quarter of the nineteenth century—beginning with the work of Adolph Bandelier. Fortunately, the result has been the establishment of mutual understanding among scholars and a comprehension of aboriginal societal and cultural factors by historians, as well as a historical perspective and perception of the interrelationship of Indian nations by anthropologists.

Charles Lange's *Cochiti*, originally published at the University of Texas Press, is an excellent example of this development. The present edition offers both scholar and general reader a relatively inexpensive yet authoritative paperback about one of New Mexico's most interesting Keresan pueblos. Cochití Pueblo, a village of some four hundred natives on the west bank of the Río Grande, has occupied its present site for over seven hundred years. Located about midway between Albuquerque and Santa Fé, it, together with its linguistic neighbors San Felipe and Santo Domingo, provides students a focus for the study of Keresan civilization, both before and after the Spanish arrival.

The author lived in the pueblo for a total of twenty-three weeks spread over three summers. Consequently, most of his information came from the Cochití people, more than forty of whom served as principal informants. Other sources included the Franciscan fathers at nearby Peña Blanca, the United Pueblos Agency, the School of American Research, the Museum of New Mexico, and the Newberry Library. Extensive use has also been made of published studies by earlier anthropologists, and the author has added information from unpublished studies such as Bandelier's journals. However, he has made only limited use of the Spanish Archives of New Mexico, a repository containing many documents pertaining to Cochití, particularly in the eighteenth century.

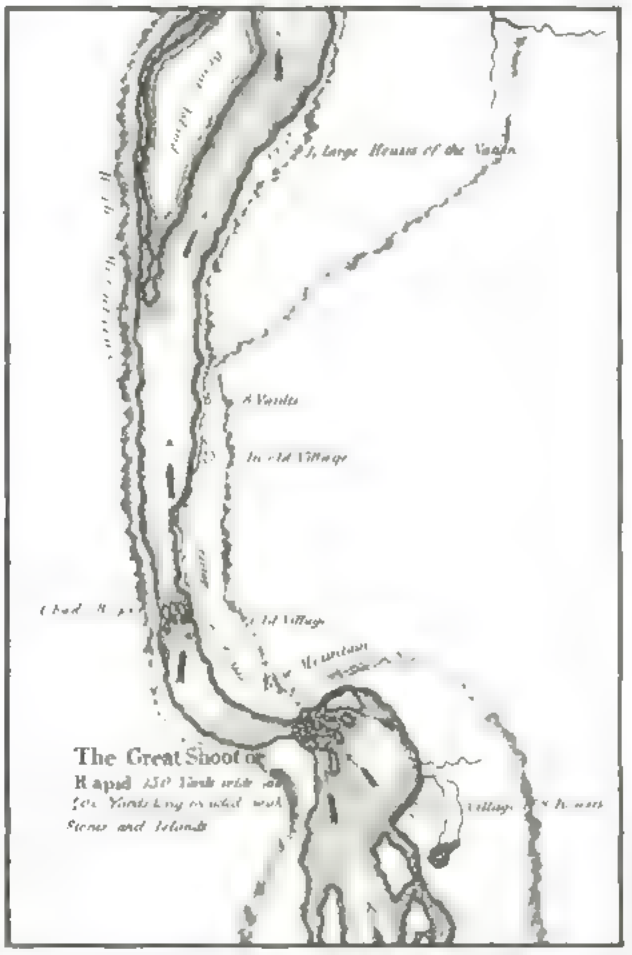
His purpose was to portray the present Cochití way of life, in addition to examining the historical antecedents of principal customs. The work concentrates on the period 1946–1953; it analyzes each Cochití practice today by comparing it to the comments of Bandelier, Elsie Clews Parsons, and early observers, dating back approximately to 1880. The major portion emphasizes Cochití's religious organization and practices, its political and social structures, its agricultural and dietary habits, the nonagricultural economy, property and ownership, and the life cycle of the *cochiteños*

Except for the omission of the folded map of Cochití that appears in the earlier edition, the present paperback is an exact reprint. It is somewhat repetitious and weak on discussing the entire past, but it is a thorough analysis of recent Cochití society and demonstrates considerable historical perspective. Professor Lange will be criticized by some for revealing Cochití's secrets, but he has provided a great service to scholars, students of pueblo culture, and the *cochiteños* themselves in preserving for posterity such an exhaustive analysis of a pueblo that is gradually losing its traditions through increasing contact with Anglo-American society.

**Oakah L. Jones** *is Associate Professor of History at the U. S. Air Force Academy.*

# Dozens of books have been written about the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

# We sell the one that was written during it.




We also sell the books that were written during the colonization of Virginia, the California Gold Rush, the building of the Transcontinental Railway, and the battles against the Sioux Indians.

In all, we sell facsimiles of 100 books written by people who made American history. Or, at the very least, lived it.

For the past three years, we've been selling these books all together as The March of America collection. And hundreds of universities, junior colleges and high schools have bought the entire collection for $450.

Now, you can buy individual titles for $3.55 to $18.95. Which is a reasonable enough price range for ordinary books -much less line-for-line, cloth-bound reproductions of rare historical sources, complete with the original maps and drawings.

Write us for our price list and free illustrated bibliography.

Then, if you want reprints of 100 historic books written from 1493 to 1893, you can order the whole collection.

Or if you want just one book, you can order it. Without having to buy the other 99 to get it

**University Microfilms**

300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103, (313) 761-4700

A XEROX COMPANY XEROX

**The Story of Man at Grand Canyon** by J. Donald Hughes *(Grand Canyon Natural History Association Bulletin #14, Grand Canyon National Park, 1967; 195 pp., illus., biblio., index).*

By Bert M. Fireman

Issued at a time when emotional tears for the Grand Canyon were running as deep as the Colorado River itself, *The Story of Man at Grand Canyon* is a book welcomed largely because it attempts to deal with this wonder of nature factually. J. Donald Hughes, a summertime naturalist at the canyon, thankfully stops short of the Sierra Club–State of Arizona onslaught upon the sensitivities of man, which hopefully should now end with passage of legislation providing for the Central Arizona Project *without* a dam in the gorge.

The author allows us to view the Grand Canyon National Park unobscured by the propaganda that has swirled around the area since conservationists of Teddy Roosevelt's era proposed that it be preserved essentially for the tourist. The topic is approached historically, yet the book can hardly be called a history. Neither does it quite achieve the promise of its title. Actually it is more a handbook of facts and fillers about people and events associated with four centuries of Grand Canyon history, and it obviously is intended for the tourist trade.

**Bert M. Fireman** *is Curator of the Arizona Collection at Arizona State University.*

**Seventy-five Years in California** by William Heath Davis, edited by Harold A. Small *(John Howell Books, San Francisco, 1967; 341 pp., biblio., index, $27.50).*

By John Haskell Kemble

William Heath Davis lived in California well over half of the nineteenth century and nearly a decade into the twentieth. The son of a famous smuggler and sea-otter trader of the same name, Davis was in the hide and tallow trade in the years preceding the United States occupation, and afterward engaged in real-estate speculation and ranching. Marrying into a *Californio* family, Davis represented in his life and his outlook the hybrid society that developed in California after the 1830's. He began writing reminiscent newspaper articles in the 1870's, as well as assisting Hubert Howe Bancroft in the assembly of materials for his monumental history. In 1889 Davis brought out his own book, *Sixty Years in California*. Later considerably revised, it reappeared in 1929 as *Seventy-five Years in California*. It has long been out of print and exceedingly difficult to obtain, so a new edition is indeed welcome.

In the present edition, chapters have been retitled and have been subject to some excisions, although these are unmarked. Corrections and additions that Davis had written into his own copy have been included in the text as now printed. Again, there is no indication of the location of these, and only a detailed comparison with the earlier edition will reveal them. The editor has added a few explanatory footnotes, made some corrections to Davis's list of vessels arriving at California ports between 1774 and 1847, included a very useful set of notes on persons mentioned by Davis (arranged alphabetically at the end of the volume), and prepared a glossary of Spanish words used in the text. He has also appended a short bibliography that unaccountably omits the one scholarly biography of Davis that exists —that by Andrew Rolle. The book is handsomely printed by the Kennedys of San Francisco, and contains twenty illustrations of a high order from paintings, drawings, lithographs, and rare photographs.

Davis's book is a mine of information and colorful detail on California of the later Mexican period down to the beginning of the gold rush. Davis wrote in informal, rather rambling fashion, and the reader feels that he is immersed in the society of another day rather than following a carefully structured narrative or analysis. Davis knew almost everyone who was of any importance in California during the 1830's and 1840's, and his account is replete with word pictures of persons, albeit on the whole extremely flattering ones. Davis took the time and trouble to describe contemporary customs, so his book is of value for its insights into the social and economic life of pastoral California. Certainly it ranks among the best three or four books on California of the period. Davis's easy style also makes it delightful reading, so it is good to know that this book is once again easily available

**John Haskell Kemble** *is Professor of History at Pomona College.*

### Peaceful Coexistence

We have it on reliable authority from Douglas, Wyoming, that the century-old feud between cattlemen and sheepmen came to a quiet end during the last Wyoming State Fair.

For more than fifty years, the booths of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association and the Wyoming Wool Growers Association, side by side at the fair, were separated by a solid partition to reduce the possibility of violent confrontation. Last year, the partition was removed. **Sic transit** range wars.

**Odyssey of a Desert Prospector** by Herman W. Albert *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1967; 260 pp., $2.00).*

By Rodman W Paul

When the current boom in books about the mining West started a few years ago, one of the obvious gaps was in materials relating to twentieth-century Nevada. Here was an important mining state whose prime years—the period of the Comstock Lode—were known to everyone, but whose later days had been forgotten by all save a faithful few. Both secondary accounts and reminiscences by participants were distressingly few in number and meager in value. Then in 1966 Russell R. Elliott completed a book entitled *Nevada's Twentieth-Century Mining Boom*, which told the story of Tonopah, Goldfield, and Ely. This was first-rate history written by a professional historian who had grown up in a Nevada mining town and understood his subject from both scholarly research and personal experience.

Now we have a companion piece in Herman W. Albert's *Odyssey of a Desert Prospector*, which is the nostalgic recollection of a bank official who in his young manhood abandoned all responsibilities in order to wander across the Nevada deserts and mountains in search of ever-promising, always-elusive "indications" of gold, gypsum, and other minerals. Albert's reminiscences start with 1907 and cover a period of several years. They do a fine job of showing the restlessness and ill-founded optimism of the prospector, and in the process they

illustrate the curiously independent, sometimes downright eccentric personalities of these lonely wanderers. The life of the prospector is depicted as Albert saw it—in the desert, in towns that were still booming, and in decayed or almost abandoned towns whose days of liveliness were 'way back in the 1860's.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the book is that it spans two eras. It starts with its central figure learning how to pack his food, bedding, and tools on burros, and ends with that same individual riding across the desert in a Dodge and greeting his employer when the latter arrives in a Cadillac. Few other narratives give so sharp a sense of encounter between the old and the new.

The nature of the book and the varied experiences it describes ought to make this a twentieth-century equivalent of Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, which in unforgettable fashion described prospecting and mining in some of the same places and by equally intriguing and illogical personalities. But Mr. Albert is no Mark Twain. His attempts at humor do not come off, and his descriptions of people and places are precise and detailed rather than alive and memorable. The reader ends by being simultaneously grateful to a retired businessman for taking the time to give so careful a recollection of vanished days, but also regretful that the writer's nostalgia could not produce in the reader the same sense of remembered reality that it so clearly brought to the author when he began to recall the scenes of sixty years ago.

**Rodman W. Paul** *is Professor of History at California Institute of Technology.*

---

**California's Prodigal Sons: Hiram Johnson and the Progressives, 1911-1917,** by Spencer C. Olin, Jr. *(University of California, Berkeley, 1968; 251 pp., appen., notes, biblio., index, $6.95).*

BY RICHARD BATMAN

SPENCER OLIN explains his decision to approach virtually the same subject as George Mowry did in *The California Progressives* on the grounds that his work is devoted more to political practice than to ideology and that much new evidence has become available since Mowry wrote. There is indeed much new evidence, but the implication that Mowry wrote mostly on ideology must be challenged. *The California Progressives* was an attempt to correlate ideology with practical politics.

A comparison of these two books is necessary, not only to determine whether Olin has added anything—which he has—but also to point out the influence of the earlier work on the more recent one. Olin's very organization has been dictated by *The California Progressives*, and both the references and method of covering various subjects show a heavy debt to Mowry. This, however, does not mean that Olin has failed to do the necessary primary research nor that Mowry's book is a bad book to follow. Instead, the major problem is that Olin has allowed the earlier interpretation by Mowry to influence him too much. In the Preface, Olin refers to the questions asked by Mowry and adds that "similar questions are asked in this study." Since the questions asked of history fairly well predetermine the answers received, it is none too surprising that the interpretations of the two writers should be quite similar.

Both books approach Progressivism as a more or less monolithic movement with fairly clear aims, rather than as a movement filled with contentious, individualistic people who often disagreed on purpose. They treat Hiram Johnson as the sole leader of the movement, ignoring the facts that individualistic Progressives were not easy people to direct and that there were many who, quite early, were attempting to deny Johnson the mantle of leadership. In summary, Olin, like Mowry, argues that the Progressive movement accomplished a great deal. (In his summaries of the three legislatures, of 1911, 1913, and 1915, however, he qualifies the accomplishments.)

Nonetheless, though lacking new insights, the book is well worth reading. Olin is an adept writer and has a particular flair for describing the maneuvering of various politicians in their scramble for public office. His account of the factors surrounding the presidential campaign of 1916 in California is one of the best descriptions of this event ever written. The versions of other political campaigns are also worthwhile. The book is also a valuable summation of the historiography of the California Progressive movement.

**Richard Batman** *is Assistant Professor of History at San Francisco State College.*


*"This significant book . . . should definitely claim a place in any collection of Californiana."*
OAKLAND TRIBUNE

## Seventy-five Years in California

Recollections and remarks by one who visited these shores in 1831, and again in 1833, and except when absent on business was a resident from 1838 until the end of a long life in 1909.

## William Heath Davis

EDITED BY HAROLD A. SMALL

William Heath Davis was an active participant in California's early growth from 1831 through the days of the American conquest and the gold rush. When his fortunes declined during the 1850's he turned to writing, and in these pages he has left us a detailed picture of the hacendados and padres; the Yankee traders and the senoritas they married; the American conquerors: Kearny's dragoons, Fremont's volunteers, and Stockton's sailors and marines; and the founders of new cities and a new State. First printed in 1889, the book was revised and enlarged—from notes kept by Davis until his death—by John Howell in 1929. We are proud to issue it once again, with further new material, to serve yet another generation of readers attracted to California's exhaustless story.

10 illustrations in full color, 4 of which are double spreads, and 8 in duotone from rare paintings, drawings and prints. $27.50

*"William Heath Davis has long been recognized as one of the most reliable sources of information about California under Mexico."*

*"The distinguished talent of Lawton and Alfred Kennedy as designers and printers . . . has produced a truly distinctive book."*
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Order from
JOHN HOWELL — *BOOKS*
434 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA 94102

**The Grey Horse Legacy** by John Hunt *(Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1968; 427 pp., $6.95).*

BY THOMAS WENDELL

ALTHOUGH THE LAST THIRD OF *The Grey Horse Legacy* is played out for the most part in Europe, this novel may be viewed as a western tragedy. It depicts the alienation that occurs not only between father and son, but also between the family and the land it uses but does not see. It is an American tragedy: a tragedy of loneliness, of rootlessness, the psychic core of the western experience. The author, himself an exiled Oklahoman, is writing a spiritual autobiography. There must be a sequel to this desperately bitter novel, for the alternative is annihilation.

Thirteen years ago, Hunt wrote the first chapter of his confessions, a novel entitled *Generations of Men* (1956). As in the present work, the scene was laid in "Chetopa County," Oklahoma, to which the exile voluntarily returns to find a spiritual father and at last an acceptance "where he belonged." One of Hunt's reviewers wrote at that time that *Generations of Men* could lead nowhere. Who could have guessed that after twelve years the pastoral serenity of the first novel would give way to the desolation and despair of the next? Who would have thought that Chetopa County would be transformed into a Yoknapatawpha?

Much about Hunt's style reminds us of Faulkner: the fixation upon place; the extended use of interior monologue to delineate not only the principal but also the minor characters; the chiaroscuro of time in which chronological order gives way to psychological truth. Each wrenching episode, one more shocking than the other, each overwhelming twist of fortune seems at the conclusion to have had about it an inevitability. This predestined history, not unlike the story of Yoknapatawpha, grows from the very nature of the land and of the people who came to claim it.

It would be easy enough to fault this novel. The prose at times is turgid, the dialogue stilted. The rage is all too apparent. The plot maintains a precarious balance between the ludicrous and the tragic. Given the ordinary canons of literary criticism, this novel may be a failure in somewhat the same way Melville's *Pierre* is a failure. Perhaps *The Grey Horse Legacy* is less of a novel than a nightmare. The mindless doctrine of acceptance in *Generations of Men* has become an anguished negation, a shriek of agony, a plunge into the abyss of nihilism.

It is more than the legacy of Grey Horse. It portrays the meaning at the heart of the American experience. Chetopa County is a land of confrontations and contrasts: Indian and white man, Yankee and southerner, new immigrant and old American. It is also a place for one generation of men to exploit. From its wealth (stolen from the Indians), their sons could return eastward to conquer where the fathers had failed. But for the sons, it was a memory from which they could never entirely be free. *The Grey Horse Legacy* is an act of purgation for the tormented author and a metaphor for the meaning of American history.

**Thomas Wendell** *is Associate Professor of History at San Jose State College.*

**The Port of Houston: A History** by Marilyn McAdams Sibley *(University of Texas Press, $6.75).*

BY RICHARD W. BARSNESS

ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATE gaps in the historical literature of American transportation has been the neglect of the nation's major seaports. Since Robert G. Albion's pioneering work, *The Rise of New York Port, 1815–1860,* published in 1939, there have been no first-rate "port biographies" and only infrequent articles in historical journals.

This neglect is particularly surprising in light of the recent interest in urban history, for in addition to an important role in both domestic and foreign commerce and transportation, ports have exercised a significant influence on the urban character of cities on all three seacoasts as well as the Great Lakes.

This historical drought has finally been broken by Marilyn McAdams Sibley's excellent account of the Port of Houston, which since the 1920's has ranked among the top half–dozen American ports in tonnage handled, and is rivaled only by Los Angeles-Long Beach as an example of a modern, man-made port in a most unpromising location.

Although traffic began in the late 1830's, for several decades Houston's waterborne commerce was severely handicapped by the fact that the city lay fifty difficult miles inland from the Gulf of Mexico. Vessels had to cross Galveston Bay and negotiate portions of the San Jacinto River and tortuous Buffalo Bayou before finally reaching the city's waterfront.

The Port of Galveston, which dominated the state's maritime commerce during this period, understandably regarded Houston's aspirations with contempt; however, Houston enjoyed much better interior connections (especially after it became a railroad center) and promised to present a serious threat to Galveston if a deep-water channel could be dredged between the Buffalo Bayou and the Gulf

The community's struggle to obtain Federal assistance for the deep-water navigation began in the late 1890's, and eventually was rewarded by completion of a channel twenty-five feet deep in 1914. The author lucidly portrays both the process by which Federal financing was secured and the serious physical problems, such as silting, that had to be

WESTERN AMERICANA

You name it—
We find it!

FREE
CATALOGS

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003-AW
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212

overcome before the project could be successfully completed.

The Houston Ship Channel, as the route was named, really came into its own during the 1920's. Then additional navigation and terminal improvements, extensive industrial development along the channel, resolution of administrative problems involving the port area, port promotion, and booming shipments of cotton, petroleum, and other commodities permitted Houston to surpass Galveston in tonnage and value, and become the principal Gulf Coast rival to the Port of New Orleans.

The principal weakness of the book is the author's rather brief and circumspect treatment of certain administrative controversies that have occurred since the 1920's, a weakness that possibly stems from the fact that the commissioners of the Harris County Houston Ship Channel Navigation District (the official port body) sponsored publication of this book to commemorate the port's fiftieth anniversary of deep water.

Yet on the whole, this is a thorough, balanced, well-written account, and one that avoids a frequent shortcoming of transportation history by placing developments at the Port of Houston in an appropriate state and national context. It also includes three helpful maps, thirty-two pages of excellent illustrations, and meaningful statistical summaries. In most respects, this is a fine example of what can be done with a port biography; hopefully it will stimulate historians to undertake comparable studies of the nation's other major ports.

**Richard W. Barsness** *is Assistant Professor of Business History at Northwestern University.*

---

**The Tenderfoot Comes West: Half a Century of Progress in California, and the Petroleum Industry by Roy P. McLaughlin** *(Exposition Press, New York, 1968; 241 pp., illus., $5.00)*

BY GERALD T. WHITE

THIS SLENDER VOLUME of reminiscences traces the career of its author from his youth in the Colorado Rockies, and at Sebastopol and Santa Rosa in northern California, through his student days at Stanford around the turn of the century, until he later achieved prominence in the California oil industry. The story is well told.

The greatest significance of these memoirs lies in their depiction of McLaughlin's professional career, which probably parallels those of a good many other western mining engineers. After Stanford, he worked for a few years in the mines of the Mother Lode and the gold fields of Nevada before switching to California's booming petroleum industry, as a member first of the new geological staff of the Associated Oil Company and later of the California State Mining Bureau. The California oil industry was fortunate in being able to draw upon such men, whose professional training could be readily adapted to its needs, as petroleum rapidly superseded the precious metals in importance in the new century.

McLaughlin's outstanding contribution to the petroleum industry was the passage of California's first effective oil conservation legislation, enacted by the legislature in October, 1915. Along with Fletcher Hamilton, his superior in the California State Mining Bureau, he lobbied a bill through the legislature that made it possible, through education and regulation, to sharply reduce oil loss through the incursion of water into the oil sands. The success of this measure soon influenced oil practice in other oil-producing states. While not a part of Hiram Johnson's legislative program, the law conformed well to the goals of progressivism.

**Gerald T. White** is the author of *Scientists in Conflict: The Beginnings of the Oil Industry in California*

*A long belt looped back to the huge pulley of a steam engine powers a threshing machine near Nampa, Idaho, in 1906. This scene is one of many photographs reproduced in the latest picture-book entry from the Superior Publishing Company, Seattle:* **This Was Wheat Farming: A Pictorial History of the Farms and Farmers of the Northwest...by Kirby Brumfield** *(191 pp., foreword, $12.95).*

# BEAUTIFUL NEW BOOKS FROM THE

## —THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD

### The great event of 100 years ago that changed the history of the West

*Building the Central Pacific (now the Southern Pacific) across the High Sierra*

No one had ever dared to attempt to build a railroad across such horrendous barriers as the High Sierra and the deserts beyond But they did — against tremendous odds — and linked West and East

Author George Kraus spent nearly 12 years researching the entire story, including the physical barriers, corporate problems, political involvements, and social complications that had to be overcome before the last rail could be laid at Promontory, Utah. The result is a well-written, exciting, comprehensive history that brings the past of one hundred years ago back to vivid life. Illustrated with more than 100 photos

May 10, $9.50 **Prepublication price, only $7.95**

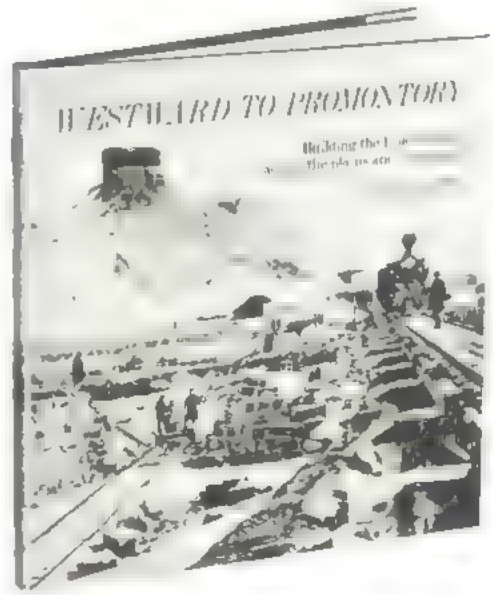
A
W

*Building the Union Pacific across the plains and mountains*

The large, wet-plate collodion negatives that A. J. Russell made in his little horse and buggy "dark room" more than one hundred years ago are marvels of detail and clarity that are unsurpassed by today's cameras and film They so vividly portray the building of the Union Pacific that we have reproduced them in this book with special "double-dot" printing on heavy, expensive Patina paper a gallery of unbelievably sharp, large pictures. Historian-journalist Barry B. Combs enriches this great collection with his accurate, well-researched captions and his enlightening text that tells How, When, Why and Where the Union Pacific created its part of the First Transcontinental

Published jointly by The American West and The Oakland Museum, with the cooperation of the American Geographical Society

May 10, $10.75 **Prepublication price, only $8.85**



# AMERICAN WEST TO CELEBRATE—

## —CALIFORNIA'S BICENTENNIAL

### *Two Centuries of Man, Land, and Growth*

This book is a solid, sprightly historical review that displays a powerful grasp of the men and movements of California's past, from the shaping of mountains and valleys to space-age technology, from Spanish explorers to freeways. With style, vigor, and pungent wit, author W. H. Hutchinson draws upon his wide knowledge of California and the entire West and enlarges our understanding of the history of the West itself. This revealing book will be of immense value to everyone who seeks to comprehend California, be he historian or California native. Over 300 pages, more than 100 photos. Clothbound, large.

April 25, $10 **Prepublication price, only $8.95**

### THE CITY OF THE PLAIN: *SACRAMENTO IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*

By V. Aubrey Neasham and James E. Henley, edited by Janice A. Woodruff.

Edition limited to 2,000 copies; published by The Sacramento Pioneer Foundation; distributed exclusively by American West.

A beautiful volume by the famous San Francisco printer, Lawton Kennedy. Large size, 8¾" x 11⅛"; full cloth over boards, stamped; 232 pages; 375 rare photographs, many in full color and in duotone process. Limited

May 10 **$25**

**SAVE MONEY BY ORDERING NOW!**

You can make major savings on these stimulating and important new volumes if you order before publication.

R R. Combination (one of each) Prepublication, $15.70
*A savings of 22% by ordering before May 10.*

High Road to Promontory.....Prepublication, $7.95
*A savings of 16% by ordering before May 10.*

Westward to Promontory.....Prepublication, $8.85
*A savings of 17% by ordering before May 10.*

California.....Prepublication, $8.95
*A savings of 10% by ordering before April 25.*

**FREE EXAMINATION**

You run no risk by ordering these beautiful, illustrated books. You may return them and owe nothing if you are not completely delighted.

**Use the coupon today to reserve your copies!**

AMERICAN WEST PUBLISHING COMPANY
577 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306

**CENTENNIAL & BICENTENNIAL PREPUBLICATION OFFER**

Gentlemen: Please send me the books below as soon as they are off the press. If not completely delighted, I may return it (them) within two weeks and owe nothing; otherwise I will pay the low prepublication prices indicated.

| | | Regular Price | Prepublication |
|---|---|---|---|
| ____ | Combination Order for 2 books: one each of High Road and Westward | $20.25 | $15.70 |
| ____ | High Road to Promontory (S.P.) | $ 9.50 | $ 7.95 |
| ____ | Westward to Promontory (U.P.) | $10.75 | $ 8.85 |
| ____ | California | $10.00 | $ 8.95 |
| ____ | Sacramento, limited edition | $25.00 | |

☐ BILL ME LATER

☐ **SAVE MONEY**
I prefer to save postage and packaging costs by paying now. Refund guarantee applies if not completely satisfied.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed $ _____

*Calif. residents please include 5% sales tax*

*PREPUBLICATION PRICES VOID AFTER PUBLICATION*

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Ferol Egan

**Chronicles of the Gringos: The U.S. Army in the Mexican War, 1846–1848; Accounts of Eyewitnesses & Combatants** edited, with introduction, commentaries, and notes by George Winston Smith and Charles Judah *(University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1968; 523 pp., illus., notes, index, $12.00).*

Through the words of the men who were there, this big book makes a fresh start at clearing away the underbrush of misunderstanding and misinterpretation surrounding the Mexican War. *The Chronicles of the Gringos* is a combination of fine scholarship, an historical view of events as they were *then* and not as we view them *now*, and an examination of motivations from both sides of the border, with the added bonus of excellent pictorial material.

While some pundits of the 1960's take great joy in comparing this war to our country's involvement in South Vietnam, this book makes it quite clear that such fatuous comparisons are based on inadequate knowledge coupled with sloppy thinking. Indeed, there were Americans who considered this war an act of immoral aggression, but this was not the attitude of the general public. Most Americans saw the Mexicans as brown-skinned "Papists" guilty of heinous crimes against white-skinned Protestants. Consequently, the United States had no difficulty in recruiting a large army. Altogether, 73,260 men volunteered. Yet as the war progressed, there were many disillusioned soldiers who lost their patriotic zeal and zest for adventure, just as Americans had been in the habit of doing ever since the Revolutionary War. Such disenchanted warriors filled the ranks of the nearly ten thousand deserters.

Still, the story of large-scale desertion is but one part of this incredible campaign that pushed Manifest Destiny to the Pacific, established Yankee dominance over the North American continent, trained future Civil War generals, and sent American troops into the nation's first foreign war. Here are the problems of maintaining long supply lines; fighting diseases that cost 11,155 lives (as compared to the 1,192 men killed in action, the 529 who died of wounds, and the 361 who were listed as accidental deaths), carrying on a frontier war in California and northwestern Mexico; defeating General Santa Anna's forces at Buena Vista; planning the land and sea operation for the invasion of Vera Cruz; winning the battles of Cerro Gordo, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec; and occupying a country with another language, another culture.

For the general reader and the scholar *The Chronicles of the Gringos* is a rare approach to history. Its only flaw is the cumbersome combination of notes and sources. Yet, this is a very small fault when compared to the epic quality of the personal accounts of these *gringos* who experienced excitement, fear, suffering, death—and high adventure.


*A New Departure in Publishing*

**The Overland Journey of Joseph Francl**

*The first Bohemian to cross the Plains to the California Gold Fields*

Introduction by novelist-poet, Richard Brautigan, author of *Trout Fishing in America*. Contemporary line drawings by Patricia Oberhaus. Design by Jack Werner Stauffacher of the Greenwood Press.

With charm and humor Francl records in diary and letter his experience as the first Czech to cross the plains to the gold fields of California. He later pioneered in Nebraska. This first book publication of a historically valuable narrative has been selected for the Western Books Exhibition of 1969.

*7¼ by 10 inches, limited to 540 copies.*
*$25.00 per copy*
*plus $1.25 sales tax for Calif. residents*

WILLIAM P. WREDEN
442 Post Street (2nd floor)
San Francisco, California 94102


**For Science and National Glory: The Spanish Scientific Expedition to America, 1862–1866** by Robert Ryal Miller *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968; 194 pp., illus., maps, notes, appen., biblio., index, $5.95).*

The typical account of Spain in the Americas is limited to the years of early exploration, conquest, and conversion. Yet even after their New-World empire had slipped from their grasp, Spain sent a scientific expedition to gather more data and specimens. Miller's account of this expedition makes fascinating reading. He has captured the personalities of the scientists and the Spanish navy officers, who carried on a running feud that almost destroyed the expedition; and he has brought to life the incredible hardships these men of science endured. The painstaking work of gathering and identifying over eighty thousand specimens, of making pioneer ethnological observations of such Amazon basin tribes as the headhunting Jívaros, and of going as far north as the Calaveras grove of Big Trees in California to gather specimens of *Sequoia gigantea* is first-rate adventure and adds yet another dimension to Spain's New-World history.

**The Indians of Los Angeles County: Hugo Reid's Letters of 1852** edited and annotated by Robert F. Heizer; Foreword by Carl Schaefer Dentzel *(Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, 1968; 142 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $8.50).*

In 1852, Hugo Reid wrote a series of twenty-two letters about Los Angeles County Indians. These early ethnological studies "... were first published in the Los Angeles *Star* in twenty-four weekly instalments." Fortunately, the history of these vanishing people was well known by this "Scotch Paisano." Having landed in California in 1832, Reid settled on a *rancho* near Mission San Gabriel in 1837. He married a Gabrielino Indian and learned the language and culture of her tribe as well as those of neighboring tribes.

While Reid did not prosper during California's gold rush, he did leave a considerable heritage. The story of his marriage was the model for the novel *Ramona*, and Reid's own letters are a lasting testimony about the Gabrielinos

and their peaceful way of life. In this volume the letters are reprinted with the taste and dignity they deserve.

**The Call to California** by Richard F. Pourade *Union Tribune Publishing Company (San Diego, 1968; 194 pp., illus., notes, index, $9.50).*

Beginning at Cape San Lucas at the tip of Baja California, this is an exploration of the path the Spanish took in 1769 as they worked their way north to San Francisco Bay. Pourade rode muleback over the Jesuit Trail in Baja, selected illustrations to recapture something of that time of faith two hundred years ago, and chose extensive quotations from the writings of Father Junípero Serra, Father Juan Crespí, Miguel Constansó, José de Cañizares, and Gaspar de Portolá. The result is a good, general introduction to this aspect of early Spanish California history. It is unfortunate that the book is marred by three paintings of early scenes that can best be described as vintage 1930 calendar art, and by having *only* the publisher's name—not the author's—on the jacket and the spine.

**New Mexico in 1850: A Military View** by Colonel George Archibald McCall; edited, with an introduction, by Robert W. Frazer *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968; 222 pp., illus., map, notes, appen., biblio., index, $5.95).*

As a result of the Mexican War, the United States added to its geographical territory with a tremendous land grab. But much of this region was as vague to the men in Washington, D.C., as some mythical kingdom. True, some American troops had marched through it and captured Santa Fé, and Yankee traders knew something about the lay of the land; still, the scope of official ignorance was astounding. To remedy this, Colonel George Archibald McCall was sent into this vast country with orders to find out something about it. This book consists of McCall's inspection reports, a biographical sketch of the man, and a short summary of all prior information about New Mexico that had been gathered since Coronado's long jaunt. While this is not a book for the general reader, it is a solid and welcome addition to any library of southwestern history.

**Plains Indian Raiders: The Final Phases from the Arkansas to the Red River** by Wilbur Sturtevant Nye, with original photographs by William S. Soule *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968; 418 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $9.50).*

This is a book of unfulfilled promise. Nye was not able to decide how to interweave the 1865–1875 decade of warfare against the five southwestern Plains tribes with the remarkable collection of

William Soule's Indian photographs. As a result, one part of the book is a slim study of the epic struggle between nomadic warriors and weary troopers involved in a *final solution* without honor or compassion for either side; and the other part is an album of Soule's glass-plate images of Plains Indians. By failing to tell Soule's story, or to give a complete account of what happened to the Kiowas, Kiowa-Apaches, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahos, *Plains Indian Raiders* ends up a guidebook for two books yet to be written.

**South Pacific Coast** by Bruce A. MacGregor; Foreword by Oscar Lewis *(Howell-North Books, Berkeley, 1968; 280 pp., illus., roster, index, $10.95).*

James G. Fair's narrow-gauge railroad, the South Pacific Coast line, began in Alameda, ran through an unspoiled Santa Clara Valley to Los Gatos, switchbacked through stands of redwoods and past logging towns in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and came to a halt at the Pacific resort town of Santa Cruz. The railroad, pushed through by this bonanza king who thrived on competition and natural challenge, became a favorite outing train for the Bay Area of the Gay Nineties.

The railroad's history is told with imagination and flair, makes use of field scholarship usually associated with archeology, and uses illustrations that add to the text without taking over. Unlike many "railroad books," where the reader is trapped by endless pages of facts and figures, this volume calls proper attention to the people who were part of the South Pacific Coast either as builders and employees or as paying customers. As a result, it fills many blank spaces in the Bay Area's cultural history.

**Military Posts in the Powder River Country of Wyoming, 1865–1894** by Robert A. Murray *(University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1968; 189 pp., illus., notes, appen., biblio., index, $5.50).*

Readers interested in frontier forts will be more than happy with this book. There are detailed plans for such military posts as Fort Connor-Reno and Fort Philip Kearny. In describing the daily routine and multitude of problems for men stationed at those isolated and dangerous posts, Murray has removed all the armchair glory and replaced it with the hard, often brutal reality that was the frontier soldier's life.

**Discoverers of America** by Charles Norman *(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1968; 322 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

Here is America as the first European explorers saw it—before all hell broke loose. In quotations from Columbus, Verrazano, Cabeza de Vaca, Coronado, Champlain, Raleigh, and others, all the sights and sounds and smells of an unspoiled land linger like Shakespearean ghosts protesting the befouling of their kingdom. For adventure, for gold, and for escape, men sailed to the New World. This is the story of what they found before greed and lack of foresight started the final destruction in the name of civilization. ☙

*All interested persons are invited to register and attend the Western History Association's annual Conference on the History of Western America: Hotel Fontenelle, Omaha, October 9-10-11, 1969.*

## Sponsoring Members

University of Alberta, Canada
Amon Carter Museum of Western Art
Angelo State College
University of Arizona
Arizona Historical Foundation
Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society
Arizona State University
The Bancroft Library
Brigham Young University
University of California, Los Angeles
University of Colorado
Colorado College (Colorado Springs)
Colorado State College
Colorado State Historical Society
Colorado State University
Southern Colorado State College
University of Denver
University of Idaho
University of Illinois
Indiana University
Iowa State University
University of Kentucky
Lewis and Clark College
Miami University of Ohio
Michigan State University
University of Minnesota
University of Missouri
University of Montana
University of Nebraska
University of Nebraska at Omaha
University of Nevada
The Newberry Library
University of New Mexico
New York University
University of Oklahoma
University of Oregon
Oregon State University
Redwood Coast Outpost of Westerners
Saint Louis University
University of San Francisco
College of Santa Fe
University of Southern California
Stanford University
University of Texas
Texas A. & M. University
Texas Technological College
North Texas State University
University of Toledo
U.S. Air Force Academy
University of Utah
Utah State University
University of Washington
Washington State University
Whitman College
Wisconsin State University, River Falls
Wisconsin State University, Whitewater
University of Wyoming
Yale University Press

## Officers and Council

*President*
LEONARD J. ARRINGTON
Utah State University

*Vice President*
CLARK C. SPENCE
University of Illinois

*Secretary-Treasurer*
ARRELL M. GIBSON
University of Oklahoma

*Council*
JOHN FRANCIS BANNON, S. J.
Saint Louis University
JOHN ALEXANDER CARROLL
Texas Christian University
GILBERT C. FITE
University of Oklahoma
W. EUGENE HOLLON
University of Toledo
NYLE H. MILLER
Kansas State Historical Society
BRUCE H. NICOLL
Lincoln, Nebraska
MARSHALL SPRAGUE
Colorado Springs, Colorado
L. G. THOMAS
University of Alberta
ROBERT M. UTLEY
Washington D.C.
ANDREW WALLACE
Northern Arizona University

## Membership

Membership in the Association is open to anyone interested in the history and culture of the American West. Membership is solicited, and inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, Arrell M. Gibson, Faculty Exchange, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069. Annual Dues $9.00 (including THE AMERICAN WEST and other association publications), Sustaining Member $15 annually, Patron $100 or more annually, Life Member $150 paid in a twelve-month period. Student Membership, $4.00.

*They were photographers, not historians, but the great corps of dedicated non-professionals who flourished during the latter years of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth caught the life and movement of their era with a clarity and perception that gave to much of their work the quality of art, and to most of it the documentary value of time encapsulated. A group of these turn-of-the century image-makers is seen below at Mission San Juan Capistrano in Southern California. They were members of "The Club," a convivial gathering of camera buffs organized by Adam Clark Vroman, whose more than two thousand glass plate negatives have since become a major photographic record of California and the Southwest in the pre-megalopolitan age. Vroman's photographs, together with more than 100 additional illustrations, comprise an illuminating pictorial accompaniment to the vigorous, authoritative observations of W. H. Hutchinson in* California: Two Centuries of Man, Land and Growth in the Golden State, *to be issued by American West Publishing Company in April.*